The Millidek
1907

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Dedicated

to

President A. R. Taylor

THE
SENIORS
THEIR
MILLDEK

GREETING

The Senior Class of The James Millikin University presents this volume with greetings to all the friends of our Alma Mater. May it prove a worthy monument to the Pioneer Class, and, in after years, a source of pleasure to the student body of today.

PRESIDENT A. R. TAYLOR

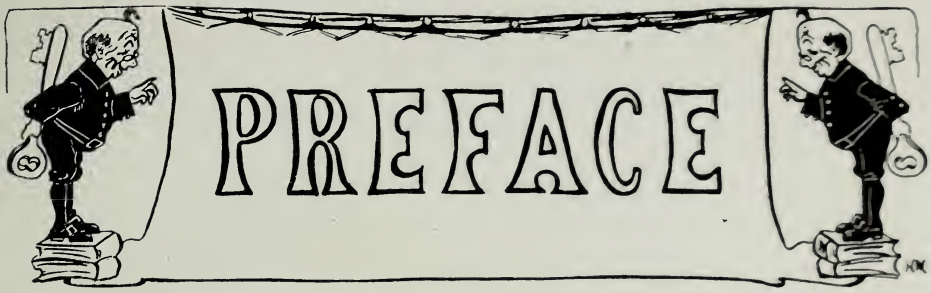
MRS. A R TAYLOR

OFFICIAL YELL

Alla Rah, Alla Rah!
Alla Rah, Rah, Rah!
Yoh Yah, Yoh, Yah,
Millikin, Millikin,
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

COLORS:

BLUE AND WHITE



WAS A GREAT YEAR. It marks the opening of The James Millikin University, and the organizing of her Pioneer Class. ¶ 1907 is a greater year, as it marks the passing of this noble class into the life for which her Alma Mater has prepared her. ¶ All along her pathway the Pioneer Class has been building monuments, and leaving landmarks, to the immortal glory of her members. After spending four years here as the leading spirits of the institution, after four years of coöperation and earnest effort to make our Alma Mater what she now is, they leave you this, their last great monument — a Record of their Deeds — the '07 Millidek.

If beside the good within it,
You should find some incorrect,
Please pass on, and note the best things
In this second Millidek.

MILLIDEK BOARD, 1907

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THE JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY

BOARD OF MANAGERS

Decatur Benefactors to the University

ONE condition of the proposition for the establishment of the institution at Decatur was that the citizens of the city and county should raise at least one hundred thousand dollars for it. Over eight hundred persons, firms and organizations joined enthusiastically in contributing to that end. Many contributed most liberally and all will ever be held in grateful remembrance. We find great pleasure in presenting the portraits on the opposite page of the fine enterprising and generous-hearted citizens who subscribed the largest amounts in order. Orlando Powers gave the sum of ten thousand dollars. In his business affairs he was exceedingly fortunate, at the time of his death, July 2, 1902, being the owner of extensive properties in this city and vicinity, including the Powers' Block and Opera House. He was a public spirited man, and as a life-long friend of Mr. Millikin took great pleasure in contributing so substantially to the new college he was founding. The Orlandian Literary Society is named in kindly remembrance of him.

Thomas T. Roberts early showed himself a warm friend to the enterprise and at a most opportune time aroused flagging interest by subscribing five thousand dollars. Mr. Roberts has made a comfortable fortune in Decatur and has always subscribed liberally to every laudable movement. He has served as a member of the Board of Managers from the first, being chairman of the finance committee. No one rejoices more than he in the growth of the University.

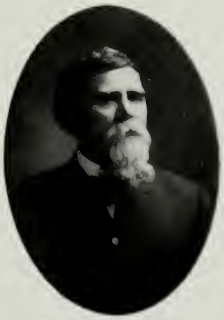
William H. Ennis, a long-time prominent contractor among a score or more of active leaders in developing central Illinois, also contributed the sum of five thousand dollars. He likewise recognized the advantages of a great college here and true to his habit was found among its generous promoters.

Mrs. Caroline M. Powers was among the first to appreciate the value of such an institution to Decatur and promptly subscribed the sum of five thousand dollars. This example had a happy influence and she is pleased to say that she considers it one of the wisest investments of her life. She is now eighty-seven years of age and yet has not lost her interest in the enlarging life of this community. One of her sons, Theron Powers, was at once appointed a member of the Board of Managers and continues to act as chairman of the committee on grounds with great acceptance to all.

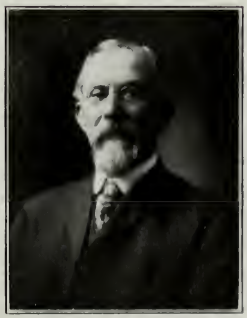
David S. Shellabarger is always counted upon to do generously for every good thing and, though already contributing a generous sum to establish a laboratory in a neighboring college, subscribed five thousand dollars. Long a successful business man and president of the school board of Decatur, he enjoys an enviable reputation which is the reward of a well-spent life.

MRS. C. M. POWERS

ORLANDO POWERS



T. T. ROBERTS



D. S. SHELLABARGER

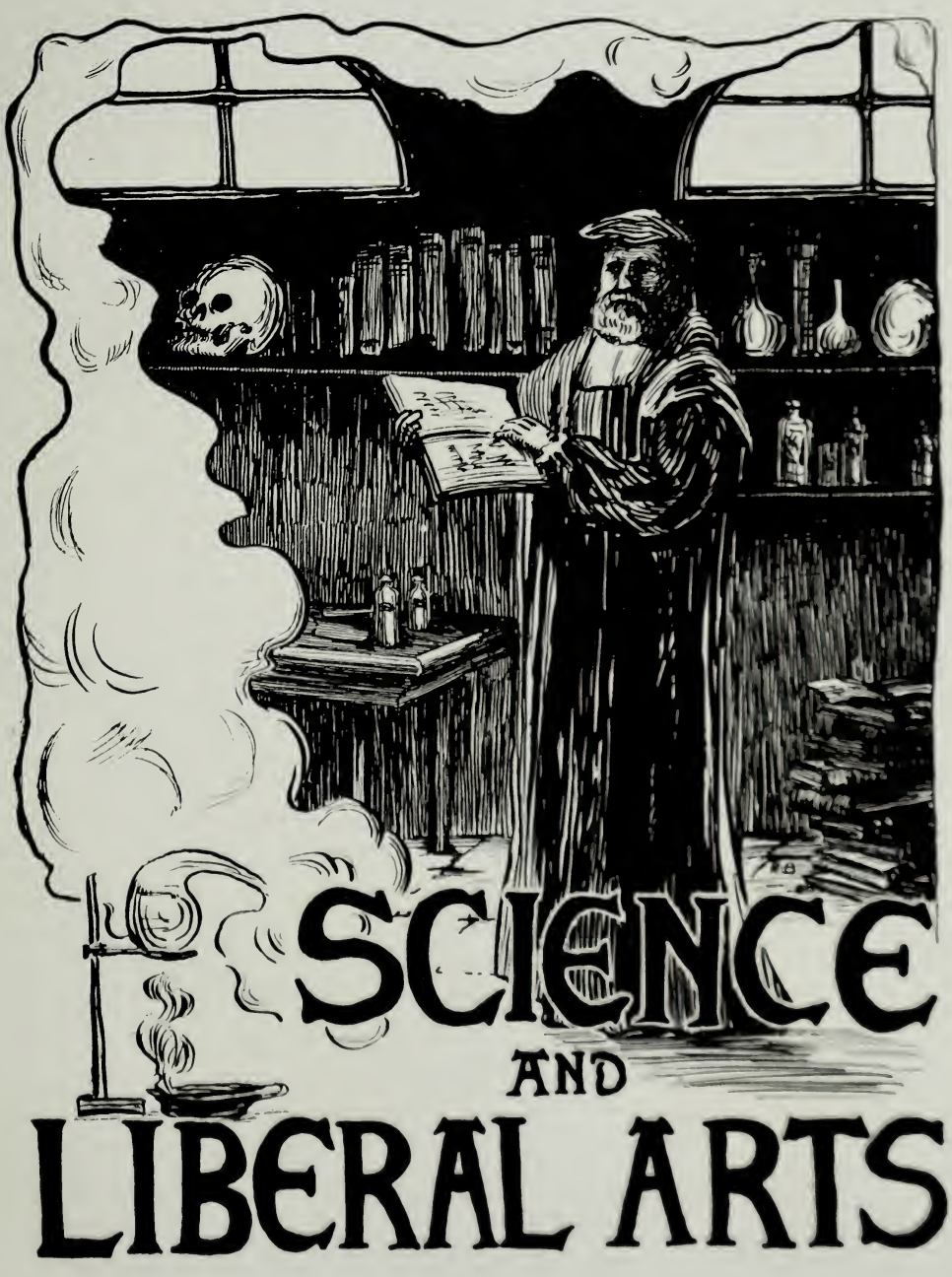
WM H. ENNIS

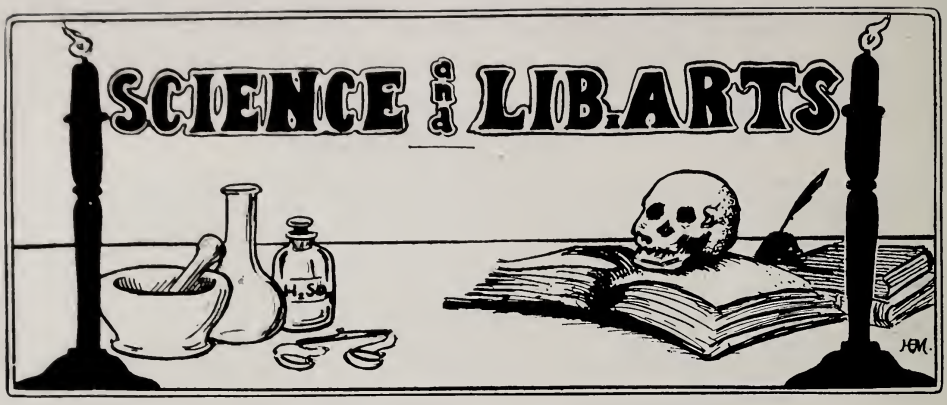
PRESIDENT A. R. TAYLOR

Taylor, Albert Reynolds, educator, born Magnolia, Ill., Oct. 16, 1846; son John and Mary Ann (Mills) Taylor; educated Illinois State Normal Univ., Knox College, and Lincoln Univ., graduated 1872 Ph. D., Lincoln; L.L.D. Cumberland Univ.; special studies in Pedagogy; married Oct. 16, 1873, Frances Minerva Dent. Prof. natural sciences, Lincoln Univ., 1872-82; pres. State Normal School of Kansas 1882-1901; pres. James Millikin Univ. since 1901. Lectures before Chautauquas, etc. Member Nat. Council Ed'n. (pres. 1889), Nat. Edn'l Assn.; Republican, Cumberland Presby'n. author: The Church at Work in the Sunday School, 1892; Civil Government in Kansas, 1894; The Study of the Child, 1898; Apple Blossoms, (joint author), 1899; Among Ourselves, 1900; The Government of the State and Nation (joint author), 1901; contributor to edn'l. journals.

MRS. A. R. TAYLOR

Frances Minerva Dent of Wenona, Illinois, was married to President Taylor, October 16, 1873. Mrs. Taylor is a woman of wide culture and noble impulses and has been an invaluable aid to President Taylor in his administrative duties. She has shown marked interest in the students and a spirit of sympathetic co-operation which is warmly appreciated. Because of her great force of character, her loyal, loving spirit which have been an inspiration to so many, she will ever be held in the highest esteem.


SCIENCE
AND
LIBERAL ARTS



ALL education is an effort on the part of one generation to enable the next generation to adapt, first, its responses and, thereby, its nature, to the dominant life relations. In doing this there are two basal elements which must be considered: (1) the knowledge and experiences acquired by the race in its history, and (2) the present environing conditions of life, natural and artificial. The so-called liberal education, for which the old-time college stood, looks more at the first of these great, necessary departments of education. It has sought knowledge of the past, of human acquirements, of language, of letters, of philosophy, of activities. It has purported to give scholarship, culture, poise, understanding.

The special and technical schools, which have arisen in such numbers in recent times, look chiefly to the second set of data, and use them more largely as the subject matter of their training. This new development is, of course, because of the overwhelming material, industrial, and social organization, and division of labor of the age, founded on the great progress of the natural sciences. The purpose of this training is, primarily, efficiency.

Because of this recent development and appeal of the mere conditions of life, there has been something of a conflict between these ideals of education. One type looked to the adjustment of the new generation to the acquirements and ideals of the past; the other looked to a special adaptation to present needs and practical ends—often largely material. It has been questioned whether the liberal education can give efficiency, or adapt the individual to **real** life; it has been equally questioned whether the practical, technical education adapts men to real **living**—to the abiding verities of human existence.

James Millikin University stands for the belief that the **complete** adjustment to life is the real purpose of education, and that this is more than being in touch with a mass of knowledge of history of the progress of the human race; is more than the culture of personal qualities; and is, likewise, more than skill and efficiency in manipulating successfully the conditions under which life is to be lived. It is the belief here that sound education means the best possible adaptation to the whole of life,

past and present, material and ideal, and an adjustability to the future; that it includes both the history of life and the processes of living.

To the College of Arts and Sciences is given the function of insisting that culture is the best foundation for special efficiency, and that expressive skill in real life is the true test of culture. It lies with this department to synthesize the two formerly antagonistic views of education—the liberal and the practical. It holds that the man who follows the ideal of liberal culture will be benefited by a view of the processes by which things are actually done; and that the practical man will be more vitally efficient as a social unit from acquaintance with the purposes of the Scholar.

If the Colleges of Arts and Sciences cannot unify and homologize the theory of life and the technic of life there is, at present, no other human agency to which we may look with hope. —T. W. Galloway

SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS

Thomas W. Galloway, ΣΑΕ, Biology.— Cumberland University, A. B. 1887, A. M. 1889, Ph. D. 1892; Harvard University, A. M. 1890. Natural History Sciences, Baird College, Mo., 1887-1889. Professor Biology, Missouri Valley College, 1889-1902. Dean (ibid.) 1898-1902.

James B. Shaw, ΣΧ, ΦΒΚ, Mathematics.—Purdue University, B. S. 1889, M. S. 1890, D. Sc. 1893. Professor of Mathematics and Physics, Illinois College, 1890-1898; Professor Mathematics, Michigan Military Academy, 1898-1899; Professor Mathematics and Astronomy, Kenyon College, 1899-1903.

Charles A. Meserve, Chemistry.—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, B. S. 1895; University of Erlangen, Bavaria, Ph. D. 1899. Assistant Sanitary Chemistry, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1895-1896; Instructor in Chemistry and Elementary Science, Pawtucket High School, 1899-1901; Professor of Chemistry and Military Tactics, Connecticut State Agricultural College, 1901-1903.

B. B. James, Principal of the Academy; Physics— Northwestern University, A. M. 1884; Northwestern University and University of Chicago, post-graduate work, 1893-4 and 1899-1901. Principal High School and Teacher of Physics, Evanston, Joliet, etc. Professor of Physics, etc., Racine College and State Normal School, St Cloud, Minn.

James H. Dickey, Assistant Professor in Mathematics.—University of Illinois, B. S. 1898. Instructor in Mathematics, Alton High School, 1900-1904; State Normal School of South Dakota, 1904-1905.

LANGUAGE

James D. Rogers, ΘΔΧ, ΦΒΚ, Ancient Languages.—Utica Academy, 1885; Hamilton College, A. B. 1889; Columbia University, A. M. 1892, Ph. D. 1894; University of Berlin and American School at Athens, 1894-1896; Fellow in Columbia University, 1892-1894; Fellow by courtesy, Johns Hopkins University, 1896. Principal Boonville, N. Y., Academy, 1889-1892; Lecturer in Greek, Columbia University, 1896-1903.

Robert J. Kellogg, ΦΒΚ, Modern Languages.—Cornell University, A. B. 1891; Ph. D. 1896; Fellow in Comparative Philology, 1892-1893; Teacher Languages, Cascadilla School, 1891-1893; Ithaca High School, 1895-96; Instructor in Greek, Colgate Academy, 1896-1897; Professor of Greek, Richmond, Virginia, College, 1897-1901; Instructor in Modern Languages, Jones Summer School, 1895-1896 and 1898-1903.

Isabella T. Machan, Assistant Professor Ancient Languages.——Wellesley College, A. B. 1887; Columbia University, 1902; Wellesley College, A. M. 1905. Teacher Ancient Languages, Franklin School, 1888-1889; Preceptress Hebron Academy, 1889-1898, Ancient Languages and History.

M. Elizabeth Colegrove, Assistant Professor in Modern Languages.—New Windsor College, A. B. 1889; Heydrich Gesangschule, German and Voice, Halle an der Saale, Germany, 1900-1901. Instructor French, German, and Piano, New Windsor College, 1889-1896; Professor French, German, and Voice, Darlington Seminary, 1899-1900; Director Conservatory Music and Modern Languages, Hudson River Institute, 1901-1902.

Grace Patten Conant, Professor of English Language and Literature.—Bates College, A. B. 1893; Cornell, A. M., 1897; Fellow in English, Cornell and University of Chicago, 1898 and 1899 respectively. Instructor, Vermont Academy, 1893-1896, and in English, Woman's College, Baltimore, 1900; associate professor English 1900-1904; Professor of English, Western College, Ohio, 1905-6.

Ava D. Steele, ΚΚΓ, Vocal Expression and Physical Culture.—Missouri Valley College, A. B. 1896; Boston School of Expression, 1897; Missouri State University, A. M. 1899. Instructor Collegiate Training School, Mississippi, 1899-1900; Assistant Physical Culture, Missouri State University, 1900-1901; Principal High School, Larimore, North Dakota, 1902-1903.

Lucy W. Penhallegon, ΔΘΨ, Assistant in English — Western College, A. B. 1903; The James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, 1905.

Eugenia Allin, ΦΔΨ, Librarian and Instructor in Library Science.—Bloomington (Ill.) High School, 1897; Library School of the University of Illinois, B. L. S. 1903.

HISTORY

Albert T. Mills, History and Political Science.—State Normal School of Kansas, 1893, also 1896; University of Michigan, Ph. B. 1899; University of Chicago, Graduate Student, 1899; Assistant Model Department Kansas State Normal School, 1895-1896; Instructor and Professor of History and Civil Government, North Dakota State Agricultural College, 1899-1903.

ASSISTANTS

Davida McCaslin.—Fellow and Manuscript Assistant in English, Coe College, A. B. 1904; Harvard Summer School, 1906.

Edgar J. Witzemann, 1907.—Student Assistant in Chemistry.

Daisy V. Payne, 1907.—Student Assistant in Latin.

Isabel Bumgarner, 1907.—Student Assistant in German.

Elsa M. Olsen, 1907.—Student Assistant in German.

Paul S. Welch.—Student Laboratory Assistant in Biology.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

IT is the purpose of this school to give to those persons who desire to fit themselves for professional engineers, courses in Civil, Mechanical, and Electrical Engineering. The aim of the school is to afford a foundation of sound theory, which shall be sufficiently broad and deep as to enable its possessor at any future time to enter with understanding upon the investigation of any of the numerous problems embraced in his chosen field of engineering. Along with the foundation knowledge there is imparted a sufficient amount of professional practice and detail, so as to enable the graduate engineer to take up, at once, the active work of the profession.

The engineers of today are our leaders in the forward march of civilization, the leaders in the new adaptations of the laws, forces and materials of nature to the service of man; they are the men to whom, safely and economically, shall be entrusted the solution of the new problems of power, transportation, and public utilities. They are the guides of capital to new ventures, and the censors of proposed public improvement.

The work of the first two years is very similar in each of the courses and consists of those studies which form the ground-work of later years. During these beginning years the following subjects are taken up and completed: English and Modern languages, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Elementary drawing and shop work.

At the opening of the Junior year the paths of the engineers separate. The Civil Engineer surveys and locates railroads, or designs bridges and tunnels; the Mechanical Engineer designs boilers, engines and machinery or makes tests of the efficiency of power plants; the Electrical Engineer begins to work with the invisible forces of the electric current, in its many and varied application.

These courses being mastered, the graduate will be prepared to take his place in the ranks of the great industrial army, and help to carry forward the banner of American supremacy in the field of Engineering.

C. W. Lawrence, ΦΚΦ, Civil Engineering.—Penn. State Normal, 1891. Penn. State College, B. S. 1897; C. E., 1904; teacher public schools, 1891-1894; instructor Civil Engineering, Penn. State College, 1897-1899. Draftsman Penn. Steel Co., 1899-1901. Structural Steel Engineer and draftsman, 1901-1904. Instructor Civil Engineering, Penn. State College, 1904-1906.

Harry E. Smith, ΣΞ, Mechanical Engineering.—Cornell University. M. E. 1887. Practical experience with Brown and Sharpe Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I., and Wm. Sellers Co., Phil., 1887-1888. Instructor Cornell University Shops, 1888-1889. Instructor Mechanical Engineering, University of Minnesota, 1889-1892. Assistant Professor Mechanical Engineering in same, 1892-1901. Professor applied Mechanics and Machine Design, in charge Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1901-1906.

Eugene Cyrus Woodruff, Electrical Engineering—University of Michigan, B. S. 1894; M. S. 1896; Ph. D. 1900. Ann Arbor University School of Music, Pipe Organ, 1896. Teacher of Science in High Schools, Michigan, Chicago, etc. Instructor in Chemistry, Montana State College, 1900-1901.

Joseph J. Bransby, Instructor in Pattern and Foundry Work.—Ackworth College, England, 1876-1881. Norwich Art Institute, 1882-1884. Manchester Technical School, England, 1885-7. Lewis Institute, Chicago, 1904. Many years practical experience in shop work.

L. M. Cole, Manual Training.—Colby High School, 1889; Stout Manual Training School for Teachers, full course, 1906. Teacher in Wisconsin graded and high schools, 1889-1901. Assistant Stout Manual Training School, 1901-1902. Director of Manual Training, Dunn Co. School of Agriculture, 1902-1906.

ASSISTANT

Clifford Miller, Student Assistant Mechanical Engineering.

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

PRESIDENT HARPER of Chicago University said, "It is to be conceded that any subject, well studied, may be used advantageously for the purposes of general education." And President Eliot of Harvard University wrote, "To deny that the young men may be systematically trained for industry and commerce is to assert that industry and commerce are merely imitative arts, to be acquired only by seeing other people do the tricks and then practicing them." Dr. James T. Young, of the University of Pennsylvania, writing in the Annals of the American Academy, observes, "Heretofore it has been the belief of many business men that their sons cannot afford the time to take a college course. The advent of the university into the field of commercial, industrial, and financial science, means that the young man can not afford to learn business in any other way."

During the spring of 1904, Mr. William C. Stevenson, head of the Department of Commerce of The Jacob Tome Institute in Maryland, was called to the Directorship of the School of Commerce and Finance. He submitted to President Taylor a comprehensive scheme for a four years' high school course of study in commerce for the Academy, and a four years' collegiate course of study in commerce and finance, both courses being equal to the celebrated commercial courses of Germany.

The School of Commerce and Finance in the J. M. U. purposes to give a liberal and liberalizing education. It does not aim to make full-fledged men of business; it will do its best work by giving an attitude of mind which leads to an intelligent and sympathetic interest in business, together with a general knowledge of the entire business field and something of a special knowledge of the particular business in which the student is to enter, and something of culture, much of manhood and character, and the power to climb.

In June, 1907, three young men will graduate from the School, having transferred credits and completed the full course. These young men are Orris Bennett, J. Arthur Moore, and Charles Post. The theses to be presented by these young men are, respectively, as follows:

1. The Origin and Development of American Law.
2. Advertising: A Fundamental Science in Commerce.
3. The Railway: The King of Corporations.

Each man will enter the field indicated by his thesis. W. C. S.

William Clarence Stevenson, Commerce and Finance. —Kansas State Normal School, 1889; Chicago University, 1900; University of Virginia, 1901; Columbian University, LL. B, 1902. Instructor in Bookkeeping, Commercial Law and Methods, Kansas State Normal School, 1889-1900; Principal Department of Commerce, the Jacob Tome Institute, 1900-1904.

D. Walter Morton, ΣΑΕ, Assistant Professor Commerce and Finance.—Dickinson College, A. B. 1902; A. M. 1906; Drew Theological Seminary, B. D. 1905. Certificate Sumner University, Penn., 1905. Graduate Student University of Penn. 1904-1906., Instructor Eastburn Academy, Philadelphia.

Calvert W. Dyer, ΚΣ, Secretary and Instructor in Typewriting.—Cumberland University, A. B. 1900; Lockyear's Business College, Indiana, 1902.

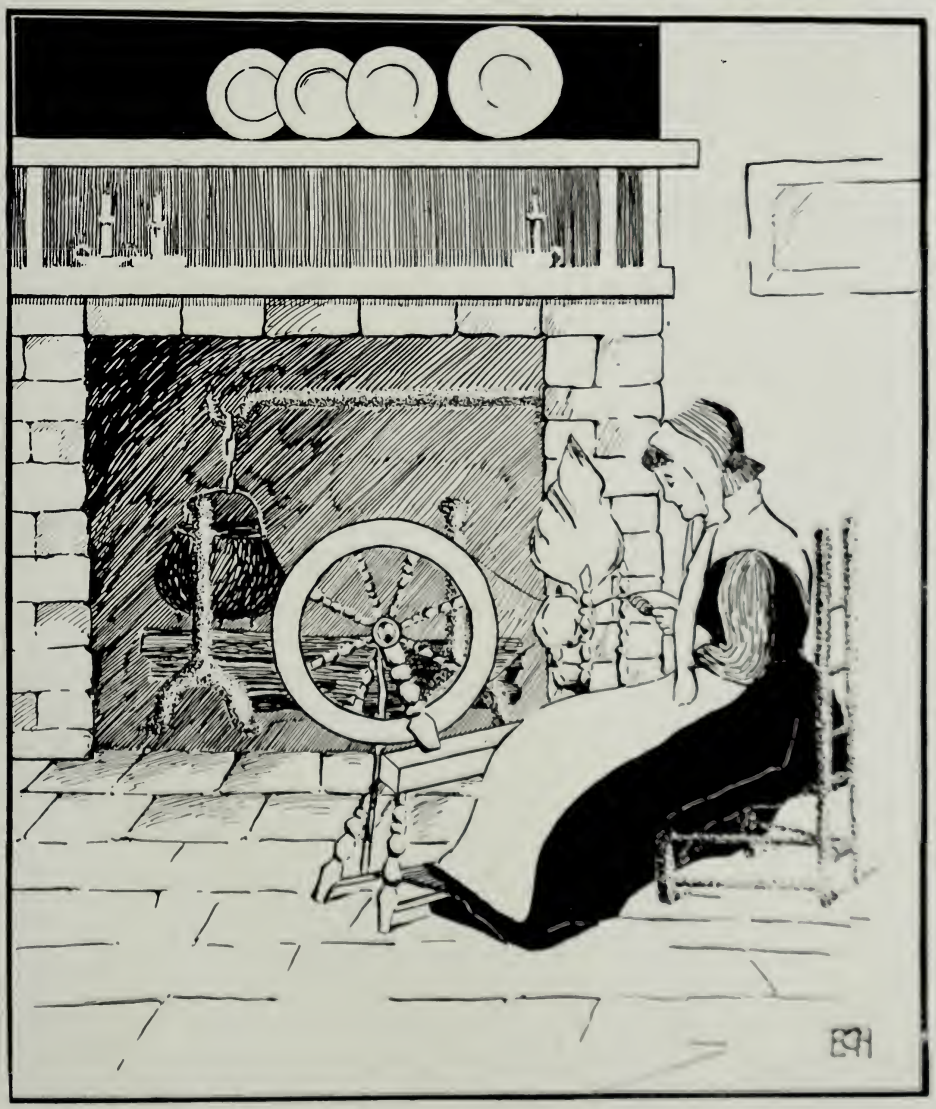
ASSISTANTS

Leonora T. Walker, Stenography.

Cyrus H. Hoggatt, Stenography

THE POWER HOUSE

DOMESTIC ECONOMY



DOMESTIC ECONOMY

THE beginnings of the so-called Home Economics movement were in the East. The first Colleges to introduce and endeavor to establish domestic education on strictly collegiate lines were here in the West. In the main the West favors co-education. In the main the West proceeds on the assumption that equal educational opportunities should be offered both young men and women. This is best shown in the growing belief that women need adequate training for their life work as much as the men require education and training for the business in which they expect to engage. "All new terms descriptive of recent generalizations suffer from the vagueness with which they are used by those to whom they are **names."** The subject of domestic economy is no exception. Its nomenclature is various and when it is asked what is meant by Domestic Economy, Household Science, Home Economics and the like, the answer is too often given, "Why, cooking and sewing, of course."

We, in Millikin, appreciate that this conception is pitifully narrow. If it were true we would quite agree that Domestic Economy could not be regarded as a collegiate study. We have learned to appreciate that cooking and sewing **as such,** are no more college studies than arithmetic and geography, but hold precisely the same relation to the courses offered in the Domestic Economy department, as arithmetic does to the higher mathematics offered in the college. They are essential academy studies, necessary and fundamental pre-requisites.

Both academy and college courses are offered in domestic art and science. The Collegiate course offers both prescribed and elective subjects. There is a four years professional course, leading to the degree of B. S., but there are other courses open to all the women of the college. It is advised and expected that all women students shall elect two or more courses from these during the four years leading to any degree. These are presented from the conviction that any rational system for the higher education of women should be fitted to their needs as the mothers, housekeepers, homemakers, and health-keepers of the nation.

The aim of the Domestic Economy Department is to give the liberal and practical education so needed by the young women of today. An education which shall fit them for the duties and privileges of their lives; which shall enhance and uplift their ideals while enabling them to make use of the arts and sciences in the all-important labors and vocations of womanhood.

Helen Crooks, Domestic Art.—Diploma of Columbia University, Teachers' College; Technical Training at Trowbridge Textile School, Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England, 1901-1902; Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, 1902-1903. Lecturer on Textiles and the Domestic Arts in Brooklyn, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston; Director Domestic Art, Northfield Seminary, Massachusetts.

Helen Louise Johnson, Domestic Science.—Wells College, 1881-1884. Mrs. Rorer's Cooking School, Phil., Pa., 1891. Teachers' College Columbia University, B. S. 1904. Instructor Domestic Science in private schools and hospitals, N. Y. City, and lecturer Brooklyn Institute of Art and Science, 1898-1904, and 1905-1906. Instructor same, University of Illinois, 1905.

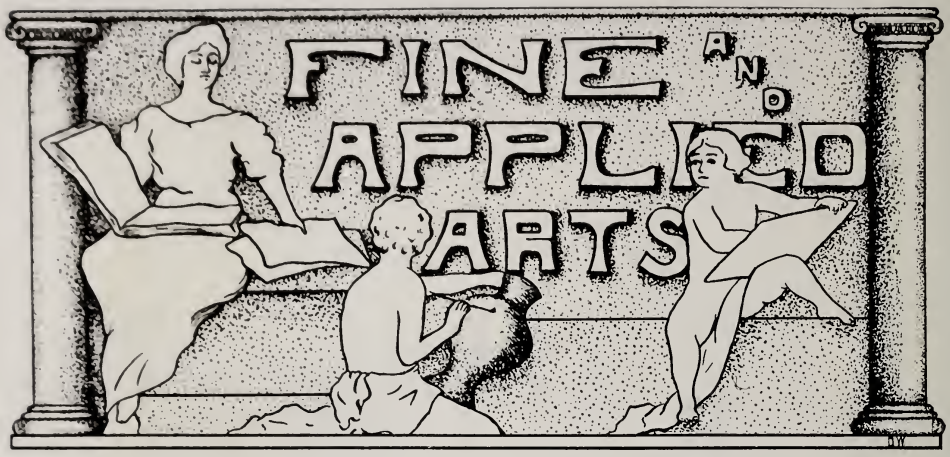
Gertrude E. Dillehunt, Assistant Instructor in Domestic Art.

ASSISTANTS

Mary L. Poor, Katheryn Trautman.—Student Assistants in Domestic Science.

THE GIRLS' DORMITORY

FINE and APPLIED ARTS.



THE School of Fine and Applied Arts of the James Millikin University began its work September 15, 1903, having for its object the teaching of pictorial and decorative art by the best systems in use in the schools of Europe and America. We have tried to overcome the popular idea that art study is a pastime and intended primarily for the copying of the works and ideas of others, with what success may be judged from the fact that a number of our pupils are teaching or looking forward to it. Our faculty has been selected with care from Boston, Chicago and Paris and are all skilled specialists in their chosen lines of work. The work in Fine Arts includes the usual introductory drawing, perspective, pen and ink, charcoal and water color, while the college subjects cover oil painting, drawing, painting and modeling from the living model, with the History of Art. Under Applied Arts we have a course of study in the principles of design and color harmony, pottery, leather work, metal work in copper and silver, with enameling, stone setting and keramics.

The public schools of Decatur are open to our normal class for practice teaching under supervision of the director of the school, thus supplying the much needed experience for the teacher or supervisor.

The classes are increasing in enrollment each year and the pupils are becoming more expert along practical lines of work. The degree of Bachelor of Science in Fine and Applied Art is given upon completing work in the school.

The pygmies of prosperity
Will wither underneath the blast,
But pine-like men there needs must be
To keep the flag still at the mast. —W. H. B.

William H. Varnum, Fine and Applied Arts.—Rindge Manual Training School, Cambridge, Mass., 1894; Julienne Studio, Paris, 1901; School of Design, Harvard University, 1902; Massachusetts State Normal Art School, 1903. Instructor Free-hand and Mechanical Drawing and Designing, Rindge Manual Training School, 1900-1902; Principal Art Department, Cambridge Y. M. C. A., 1898-1903. Instructor City of Boston Evening Drawing Schools, 1901-1903; Practical experience in mechanical drafting.

Emma L. Baker, Instructor in Fine and Applied Arts.—Lincoln University, B. S. 1900; The James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, 1905; Art Institute, Chicago, Summer Term 1905.

E. Louise Guernsey, ΔΘΨ, Instructor in Fine Arts.—Graduate Art Institute, Chicago, Sculpture, 1905. Normal Course with honors, 1906.

THE LINCOLN BUILDINGS

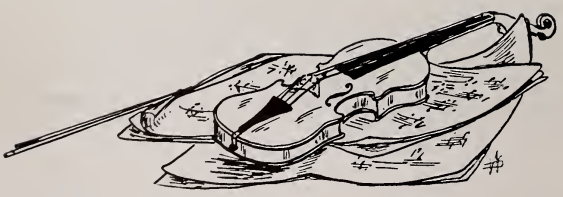
MUSIC

IN September 1903 Herman H. Kaeuper as director opened the School of Music of The James Millikin University. As the University was new it was supposed that three teachers could teach all the pupils who would come. However, a very few days proved that more teachers were needed. These were engaged, and at the close of the first year the faculty consisted of five members. The second year's enrollment demanded a larger faculty and each year the school has been enlarged, and the work has been more gratifying and satisfactory in every way. The present faculty consists of seven professors and twelve assistant teachers. The professors were selected from among the best teachers of Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago and Berlin. This year certificates of proficiency will be issued to fifteen young women and one young man; teachers' certificates to eight young women.

During the year numerous recitals are given by pupils of the school that they may become accustomed to appearing in public. To prepare them for these public appearances, practice recitals are given before pupils of the school. The series of concerts of the year by pupils and faculty of the school of Music comes to a close in the faculty concert given each year on Monday night of commencement week.

The school asserts the use of the most thorough and modern pedagogical methods, the value of which has been finely proved by the work accomplished in the pupils' recitals. The grade of work is unusually good, and the school ranks as one of the best in the country.

The director, Professor Hermann H. Kaeuper, is a man of rare musical taste and is a most popular teacher. He is happily fitted, both by education and experience, for his responsible position. His spirit and method have aroused great enthusiasm among the lovers of music in the University and throughout central Illinois.



Hermann H. Kaeuper, Director School of Music and Teacher Piano, Composition, Etc.—Cincinnati College of Music. Student of Frank Van der Stucken, et al. Instructor Cincinnati College of Music, 1896-1897. Director Wittenberg College of Music, 1897-1902.

Frederick H. Baker, Piano Playing.—New England Conservatory, Boston, 1893. Royal Conservatory, Leipzig. Post-graduate work with Carl Faelton, Dr. Louis Maas, Mrs. Thomas Tapper, et al.

Charles N. Lanphere, Piano Playing, Harmony and Counterpoint.—New England Conservatory of Music, 1898. Student of Arthur Foote, piano; Dr. Percy Goetschius, harmony, counterpoint and Composition; George E. Whiting, pipe organ; Louis C. Elson, theory and history of music. Director Virgil Piano School, Chicago, 1900-1903. Student in Dresden, Germany, and in Vienna. Teacher and lecturer in Berlin, 1902.

Frances Virginie Melton, Piano Playing.—College of Music, Illinois Woman's College, 1893. Illinois Woman's College, 1896. Five years post-graduate work at College of Music and with Wm. H. Sherwood, Chicago. With Wager Swayne and Harold Bauer, Paris, 1906.

Robert Yale Smith, Piano Playing.—With Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, 1903-6; Teacher Bush Temple Conservatory, 1905-7.

Edward Meek, Voice.—College of Music, Cincinnati. Student of Mattioli, Cincinnati, George Sweet and Carl Dufft, New York. Member of Faculty American Conservatory and Columbia School of Music, Chicago, 1900-1903.

Theckla Leafbourg, ΧΣΦ. Voice.—Columbia School of Music, Chicago, 1904. Concert Touring, 1905. Private teacher of Voice Culture, Chicago, 1906.

Edson W. Morphy, Violin.—New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, 1899. Post-graduate course at same, 1901-1902. With Paul Viardot in Paris, 1905-1906. Professor of Violin playing and Theoretical branches of music, Normal Conservatory, Potsdam, N. Y., 1900. Director of Violin and orchestral departments, Halifax Conservatory, Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1903-1905.

PROFESSOR KAEUPER'S STUDIO

ALUMNI

Edward L. King, A. B., '04, B. S. with Pedagogy, '05.

Florence L. Lyons, University of Chicago, A. B., '02. James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, '04.

Robert W. Keaton, Cumberland University, A. B., '02. James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, '04.

Lucy W. Penhallegon, Western College, A. B., '03. James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, '05.

Emma L. Baker, Lincoln University, B. S., '00. James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy, '05.

Ada E. Lindsay, A. B., '05.

Iva M. Still, A. B., '05.

Chas. F. Record, A. B., '05.

John F. Schudel, A. B., '05.

Alice A. Baker, A. B., '05.

Golda M. Atlass, A. B., '05.

Earl R. Bryant, A. B., '06.

Florence M. Jones, A. B., '06.

W. R. McGaughey, A. B., '06.

Trenna J. Miller, A. B., '06.

Anna Belle Uhler, A. B., '06.

John G. Wozencraft, A. B., '06.

Ethel M. Yanders, A. B., '06.

Anne M. Boyd, A. B. with Library Science, '06,

Estella E. Bryant, A. B. with Library Science, '06.

James D. Moses, B. S. in Commerce and Finance, '06.

Ella M. Cockrell, B. S. with Pedagogy, '06.

Edwin W. Doran, A. M. with Pedagogy, '06.

Ralph S. Bauer, A. M., '06.

THE
SENIORS

Ellis Edwin Bankson, B. S. in Civil Engineering. Bethany, Ill. Bethany High School (2). ΑΣΘ. Y. M. C. A., Pres. Philomathean Literary Society, (6), Manager Track Team, (6), Glee Club, Engineering Club, Pres. Senior Class, Proprietor Bookstore (6, 7), Associate Editor Millidek. Class Day, Presentation of Gavel. Thesis: Location, Survey, and Estimate of belt line connecting Springfield and St. Louis branches of Wabash Railway. (With John Davidson.) "Rev." gets a C. E. (not Christian Endeavor) degree, and hopes to take his M. A.(trimony as soon as possible. He and McDavid have furnished us with raw materials for our store of knowledge at 300 per cent above cost.

Orris Bennett, B. S. in Commerce and Finance. Lovington, Ill. Lovington High School (3). ΑΣΘ, Pres. Debating Club (6), Bus. Manager Decaturian (6), Inter-collegiate Debating Team (6), Inter-society Orator (6), Commerce and Finance Association, Cartoon Editor Millidek. Thesis: Origin and Development of American Law. "Farmer John" used to milk the cows and slop the pigs in Lovington. His worst fault is his good looks, which came near causing him to be kidnapped at the Inter-collegiate debate in Bloomington. He escaped by telling the girls there were more like him in J. M. U.

Keach Bone, A. B. with Scientific Foundation Petersburg, Ill. ΚΔΧ, Orlandian Literary Society, Pres. (5), Y. M. C. A., Pres. (6), J. M. U. Band, Ass't. business manager Millidek. Thesis: Nomography; or The Science of Graphic Calculation. "Old Red" or "Keachibus" is not so dry as his name would indicate. He is a Math. shark and is said to eat equations instead of breakfast food. He is also able to get much sustinance from his aggravated attack of feminine abstemiousness.

Ethel Bumgarner, A. B. Magnolia, Illinois. ΧΣΦ Philomathean Literary Society, Pres. Y. W. C. A. (6), Glee Club, German Club, Senior Play; Class Day, "Millikin of the Past." Thesis: The Influence of Slavery on American Literature. "Sally Muggins" is a product of the Prairie state, but it is rumored she expects to enter the state of matrimony soon after graduation.

Isabel Bumgarner, A. B. Magnolia, Illinois. Knox College (2), J. M. U. (5, 6, 7), Y. W. C. A., Philomathean Literary Society, German Club. Rodgers and Clark Story, Winner (6). Inter-society Story, Winner (7). Exchange Editor Decaturian (7), Editor in Chief of Millidek. Class Ode. Thesis: Development of the Attitude toward Death in American Literature. "Izzie" is the editor of this book, so of course we can't roast her, but anyway she doesn't need it very badly. She will teach school and then go to Wellesley, but will probably finish at Donnellson.

Junius Earl Dappert, B. S. in Electrical Engineering. Taylorville, Illinois. Taylorville High School, James Millikin University Academy (4). Philomathean Literary Society, Pres. Engineering Club. Thesis: Design, Construction and Testing of a 2½ K.W. Generator Direct Connected to a Gasoline Engine. "Little June" floated in from Taylorville. He is noted as being a shark in Math. and a lady killer. German is his favorite study. Some say he has the big-head, but we believe it is because he came from Taylorville. He boasts that he can trace his genealogy to the Missouri mule, and it is doubtless due to this trait that he refused to turn in a photo.

John W. Davidson, B. S. in Civil Engineering, Velpen, Indiana. Teacher's Course, Ohio Valley Normal College (Corydon, Ind.) Philomathean Literary Society, J. M. U. Band, Engineering Club. Thesis: Location, Survey, and Estimate of belt line connecting Springfield and St. Louis branches of Wabash Railway. (With Ellis Bankson.) "Longfellow" is one of the Indiana Colony. He spends most of his time flirting with the girls and cutting Chapel. He is thinking of taking a position with his Uncle Samuel, and will certainly be a big addition to his force.

Ida Diller, A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School (3)., ΧΣΦ; German Club, Glee Club, Y. W. C. A., Literary Editor Millidek. Thesis: The Economic Place of Woman. "Idear" is very solemn and sober and always has lots to do. She is one of our best girls save for one grandmotherly characteristic; she worries for the lack of worries when she has none.

Jessie L. Ferguson, A. B. with Library Science. New Winchester, Ind. Martinsville, Ind., High School ('86), Eastern State Normal, Charleston, Ill. (4), J. M. U. (5, 6). ΔΘΨ, Y. W. C. A., Literary Editor Millidek, Class Day, "Farewell to Liberal Arts." Thesis: The Value of Reference Work to the General Student. "Jet" has a strong will. We doubt whether any lawyer could break it. She expects to teach school and we believe she will be successful in keeping order.

Ella Hope Finfrock, A. B. Welmot, Kansas. Waynesville, Ill., Academy, Waynesville High School. Austin College (5), J. M. U. (5, 6), German Club. Thesis: The Development of Poetic Form. "Midget" is a quiet little individual, the youngest of our class. Though having been associated with us a year and a half she is still innocent and sweet.

Irene Handlin, B. S. in Fine and Applied Arts. Monticello, Ill. Monticello High School (3); Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Ill. (5). ΔΘΨ, Art Editor Millidek. Thesis: Italian Artists as Benefactors. "Angel" came to us from Monticello Seminary, and we have always been glad she came. She is Art Editor of this book and promised **bona fide** not to caricature the Joke Editors, so we dare not roast her.

Harry N. Humphrey, A. B. Le Roy, Illinois. Le Roy High School (3). ΚΔΧ, Pres. Dramatic Art Club (6), Reader in Prexy's Concert Company (7), Y. M. C. A., Pres. Orlandian Literary Society (5), Senior Play, Inter-society Recitation, winner (6, 7), Class Day, "To the Faculty," Editor-in-Chief Decaturian, Literary Editor Millidek. Thesis: The Gaelic Revival. "Tony," the Goliath of our class, will embark in the real estate business after June. We really believe that if it were for the advantage of his estate he could sell a gold brick for a hen coop. If ——— only says yes he will not be a bachelor long.

Lulu Lillian Laughlin, A. B. New Sharon, Iowa. Decatur High School, Dixon, Ill., Normal School, University of Illinois. Y. W. C. A., German Club. Thesis: Professional Nursing as a Social Service. "Girlie" is one of the hardest workers in the class. She never works the Profs. and seldom works the boys. She would doubtless be a success at the head of a matrimonial bureau were it not for stronger tastes in other directions.

Jessie Lichtenberger, A. B. Lovington, Ill. Denver, Col., High School, Decatur High School (2). ΧΣΦ, Philomathean Literary Society, Y. W. C. A., Associate Editor Decaturian (6). Thesis: The Origin and Growth of the Silk Industry. "Tiny" has always been a great knocker in Prof. Varnum's classes. She never mashes her finger nails, we know, for she is always in a good humor. She is an excellent designer, and we doubt not that she has designs on some of us.

Anna Magill, A. B. Sullivan, Ill. Sullivan High School (2). ΧΣΦ, Orlandian Literary Society, German Club. Thesis: Mathematics, the Basis of Sciences. "Sister" says school will soon be over, and then she will receive her "Bill." Further events than this are of small importance.

Horace McDavid, A. B. Coffeen, Ill. Hillsboro High School (2). ΚΔΧ; Orlandian Literary Society, Pres. (4); Pres. Freshman Class; Commerce and Finance Association; Dramatic Art Club; Y. M. C. A.; Football Team (3, 4, 5, 6), Captain (4); Baseball, (4, 5, 6); Track Team; Battalion; Inter Collegiate Debate (6); Intersociety Debate (6, 7); Compiler Varsity Directory (4, 5, 6); Proprietor Bookstore (6, 7); Manager Baseball Team (4); Ass't. Treas. and Collector A. A. (6, 7); Class Day, "Millikin of the Future;" Business Manager Millidek. Thesis: The Dream of the American Communist. "Mac" claims several places as his home, and says a rolling stone gathers no moss. His greatest abhorrence is feminine society. He never ponies, but says he sometimes needs a draft horse.

Hallie May Miller, A. B. Maroa, Ill. Decatur High School (3). Thesis: Poverty Decreases with Progress. "E Nuf Ced" believes she has only so many words to say in her lifetime, hence she never squanders one. She enjoys the distinction of being the only girl in our class who has taken Calculus.

Judith Bell Mills, A. B. with Scientific Foundations. Decatur, Ill. Decatur High School (2). ΧΣΦ, Orlandian Literary Society, Pres. Glee Club (4), Y. W. C. A., German Club, Senior Play; Class Day, "Presentation of Class Gift." Thesis: Wagner's Treatment of the Legend of Lohengrin. "Judy Bell" has a merry twinkle in her eyes and is a friend of all the boys. She has her eye on the right man, but the Lord only knows who he is. We would hereby announce her engagement were it not for this element of uncertainty.

J. Arthur Moore, B. S. in Commerce and Finance. Assumption, Ill. Assumption Township High School. University of Illinois Preparatory School. ΚΔΧ; Pres. Commerce and Finance Association (7); Football Team (4, 5, 6, 7), Captain (7); Orlandian Literary Society; Debating Club; Junior Class Pres.; Manager Baseball Team (7); Class Day, "Spade Address." Thesis: Advertising the Fundamental Science in Commerce. "Art" very often has a black eye, but he is not a scrapper. He is very much "it" with all the little girls. Freshmen take notice. Football heroes win the maidens.

Edgar Daniel Morrow, A. B. Newman, Ill. Newman High School (3). ΑΣΘ; Philomathean Literary Society Pres. (5); Track Team (4, 5, 6), Manager (5); Manager Football Team (5); Pres. A. A. (7); Inter-society Debate (6, 7); Tennis Team (6, 7); Dramatic Art Club; Senior Play; Class Day, "The Future of the Seniors;" Commerce and Finance Association; Athletic Editor Millidek. Thesis: American Political Literature. "Shorty's" motto is, do it now or do it never, with emphasis on the latter. He is an athlete, society man, all round good fellow, and a half-baked student. Psychology was his first love. It is said he memorized four pages of logarithms in two hours when he was in Trig.

Ray Oliphant, B. S. in Electrical Engineering. Petersburg, Ind. Petersburg High School (2), Indiana University (2), entered J. M. U. (3). ΑΣΘ, Philomathean Literary Society; Dramatic Art Club, Prexy's Quartet (7), Glee Club, Battalion, Y. M. C. A., Pres. Sophomore Class, Senior Play, Assistant in Mechanical Drawing (6), Engineering Club; Scottish Rite Mason 32nd degree; A. A. O. N. M. S.; Class Day, "Farewell to the Engineering Building;" Millidek Business Board. Thesis: The Design, Construction, and Testing of a Steam Turbine and Unipolar Generator Direct Connected Unit. (With Bert Padon.) "Pa" came to us from the Hoosier state, but why he came we dare not tell. Some say he has more hair than brains. He arrived here C. O. D. and says that means call on dad when you want money. He has a preference for "Gray" on his left arm.

Elsa Olsen, A. B. Stockholm, Sweden. Decatur High School (4). President Glee Club (6). Thesis: A Comparison of the "Classical" and "Natural" Methods of Teaching Modern Languages. "Ginger" has lots of energy and life in her make-up. She came all the way from Sweden and is a very precocious child, finishing a year ahead of her class.

C. Bert Padon, B. S. in Electrical Engineering. Troy, Illinois. McCray Dewey Academy ('95); International Correspondence Schools, M. E. and Shop Practice (3). Y. M. C. A.; Glee Club (4); Battalion (5); Engineering Societv (6); Assistant in Shop Practice (5); Engineering Editor Decaturian (6). Thesis: The Design, Construction, and Testing of a Steam Turbine and Unipolar Generator Direct Connected Unit. (With Ray Oliphant.) "Banta's" chief aim is to be a handler of home made lightning. He has taught his classmates to be brave, for they have learned that whenever something like a young earthquake strikes them on the head or back, it is only Banta giving expression to something which has impressed him favorably.

Letha Bahan Patterson, A. B. Cincinnati, Ohio. Decatur High School (2). Dramatic Art Club; Senior Play; Literary Editor Decaturian (5). Thesis: Symbolish. Though "Pat" is not Irish she would have us believe her a cynic, but Prexy is bringing her around beautifully. She can hardly decide whether she likes Chapel or Psychology best.

Daisy Venita Payne, A. B. Cannelton, Ind. Decatur High School (2). ΧΣΦ; Orlandian Literary Society; Literary Editor Decaturian (6); Dramatic Art Club; Y. W. C. A.; Glee Club; Senior Play; Organization Editor Millidek. Thesis: The Influence of the Classics on Tennyson. "Dutch" is the best natured girl in the class. She can write poetry and make fudge with equal dignity. She has been prominent in the Y. W. C. A. and we hear is expecting to become a Deaconess next summer.

Mary Leslie Poor, A. B. Newbrugh, Ind. Evansville, Ind., High School (3). ΔΘΨ; Y. W. C. A. Pres. (6); Ass't. Domestic Science Department (7); Class Day "Farewell to Domestic Science." Thesis: Humor in American Literature. "Poor Mary" was one of the pioneers from Indiana. She means well, but wastes no words and likes to have her own way. She has never been accused of flirting.

H. Guy Porter, B. S. in Electrical Engineering. Merriam, Kansas. Westport High School, Kansas City, Mo. (2). Orlandian Literary Society, Pres. (6); Battalion; Y. M. C. A.; Engineering Society; Debating Club; Inter-society Orator (6, 7), winner (6); Brown Debate (6, 7); Substitute Inter-collegiate Debate (6); Captain Missouri Valley College Debating Team (7); Track Team Captain (7); Class Day, "Farewell to Machine Shop;" Joke Editor Millidek. Thesis: The Design, Construction and Testing of a 2½ K.W. Generator Direct Connected to a Gasoline Engine. (With Junius Dappert.) "Guyroski" was blown in by a Kansas Cyclone and has been blowing ever since. He says he came here to be where he wasn't known. His specialty is stupid jokes and big words, but "Doc" Witzemann has eclipsed him in the art of "dishing out jawbreakers."

Charles Arthur Post, B. S. in Commerce and Finance. Russell, Iowa. National City, Cal., High School (2); Ohio University (3); J. M. U. (5, 6). ΚΣΧ; Debating Club; Commerce and Finance Association; Philomathean Literary Society; Inter-society Debate (7). Thesis: The Railway the Greatest Factor in a Country's Development. "Tootsy" would be a student were it not for his worrying about how he will look when he gets fleshy. Advocates for ornamental hitching posts will do well to call at the ΧΔΚ house and C. A. Post hitch.

Minnie Redmon, A. B. West Liberty, Ill. Decatur High School (1); Illinois University (2). Y. W. C. A.; Senior Play; Class Day, "To the Undergraduate." Thesis: Rise and Trend of the American Short Story. "Jim Crow" is the drollest person in our class. The way she says things would make an Egyptian Mummy laugh. She is writing a book on the Chemistry of Fudge.

Zink Sanders, B. S. Chicago, Ill. Decatur High School (3). Thesis: The History of Medicine. "Zink" is a fancier of chickens and is as ready for a scrap as any of his old roosters. He is a smooth joker but we would suggest that he accompany his jokes with a book of instructions.

Casca Whitehouse, A. B. Danville, Ky. Argenta, Ill., High School (2); Decatur High School (3). German Club. Thesis: Illinois in Fiction. "Cas" should have gotten a B. H. (Beyond Hope) degree instead of an A. B. He says he will promise some girl a White House soon, though he does not say where. For unsophisticated hot air he is the limit.

Kent Williamson, A. B. Evansville, Ind. Evansville High School (3). I. T. G. O. S. T.; Commerce and Finance Association; Advertising Manager Millidek; Class Day, "To the Millidek." Thesis: Growth of Corporate Interests. "Keen" is a good fellow who believes in studying only as a pastime. He is very punctual, always being on hand right at the "Dot." He studied Physics long enough to learn what a pull is, and has had one with Prexy ever since. He is studying law and has been retained by the Joke Editors.

Edgar John Witzemann, A. B. Decatur, Ill. Decatur High School (1). Orlandian Literary Society; Ass't. in Chemistry; Joke Editor Millidek. Thesis: Investigation of the Sources of the Local Water Supply. "Doc" is a home grown specimen who spends most of his time, when not analyzing glances in some young lady's parlor, in analyzing the contents of some bottle. He analyzed what abstemious folks drink for his thesis.

Ella M. Cockrell, Warrensburg, Mo. ΔΘΨ. Windsor High School (2); Lexington College for Women, B. L. (3); A. M. (4); Teacher of Latin and English; Will Mayfield College (4, 5); James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy (6); Fellow in History James Millikin University (5, 6); James Millikin University A. M. (7).

Maude De Puy. Raven, Illinois. ΔΘΨ. Urbana High School (2); University of Illinois, A. B. (6); Fellow in English and Director of Physical Training James Millikin University (6, 7); James Millikin University, B. S. with Pedagogy (7).

Davida McCaslin. Pullman, Illinois. ΧΣΦ. Coe Academy (0). A. B. Coe College (4); Teacher Public Schools (4, 6); Harvard Summer School (6); Fellow in English, The James Millikin University (6, 7); B. S. with Pedagogy The James Millikin University (7).

Helen L. Stone. Degree of B. S. with Domestic Economy, (In Absentia.)

SENIOR HISTORY

"WELL, me boys, we're goin' to miss this '07 class moighty bad next year'" said Old Tommy, as he sat down in the shade of his little shanty one warm afternoon, after flagging the crossing for a freight. "Oi say, there is goin' to be a big change whin they step out iv th' harness, an' turn things over to th' next class. They have bin runnin' things f'r four years now, iver since th' Univarsity opened, an' have got things movin' along at a purty good gait. But Oi guess most iv thim will git through this year, an' not come back anny more. By George, you fellers that's bin a settin' 'round here with me so long will have to git down to business, now, if you're goin' to take their places!

"Yes, they're a moighty foine lot iv boys, an' th' goirls too, Oi guess. Oi don't know thim very well, but th' boys tell me they're all nice an' moighty smart too, always helpin' in ivry thing they kin.

"Oi remimber whin they first came here how th' cops would try to keep th' la-ads fr'm havin' their bon-fires, an' tearin' up jack. Oi remimber too th' day they had their color rush. They put their flag up on th' tower, but whin they wint to class th' other la-ads wint up an' took it down. Well, they jist got a lot more purple an' gray, an' before noight thim colors wuz scattered all over th' campus.

"Oi loike to hear thim tell about whin thim four '06 fellers stole their picnic cake an' how they ducked thim in th' branch out behind th' Univarsity; Oi guess they all had a hand in that, to hear thim tell it, but th' next year Oi didn't think they ought to got out thim papers about th' Freshmans, a tellin' thim what they must do an' what they mustn't do, for Oi don't think it wuz anny iv their business.

"What Oi loike to see, though, is thim football games, an' Oi guess '07 has some purty good football min. Oi kin jist see Art Moore now in that game with Rose Polly, a standin' roight there in th' mud on one foot while s'meone wiped th' mud off th' other'n with that old sweater; an' thin purty soon he kicked that ball roight straight over th' goal, an' thim bleachers jist a goin' woild! Thin Oi guess McDavid is purty good too, f'r Oi hear th' boys an' goirls up on th' bleachers a hollerin' f'r Mac a lot.

"But th' foot races are what make me hold me breath, whin they come around th' last time with that feller they call Shorty, an' that Kansas feller Parter, an' th' rest iv thim, all tryin' to beat th' other fellers in, an' thin whin they stop there's always s'meone there to catch 'em an' they throw thim blanket things over 'em an' fan 'em—my, that's great!

Ellis Bankson. "Smooth as monumental alabaster."

"Thin Oi loike to hear all this music they have 'round here, too, 'specially what they call Prexy's Quartet. Oi could jist sit an' listen to thim all noight. Well, one iv thim is a '07 man, that feller Oliphant. Oh, Oi guess '07 has good people in ivry thing a goin'. They're doin' so manny new things too, first th' boys wore corduroy trousers, thin purty soon all iv thim wuz wearin' these caps an gowns, an' now Oi hear 'em talkin' about some sort iv a sing an' class day, an' a lot iv other things.

"Oi guess they've give some nice parties an' banquets, an' th' loike, too; Oi don't know much about thim kind iv things, but Oi heard th' fellers a talkin' a lot about that reciption an' play they give last fall, where that feller Tony made sich a fool iv hisself over thim goirls, but they say he's always good at actin'; he's sich a little feller too, Oi loike to see him an' that little goirl together, that one with sich a long name.

"Yis, sor; they're goin' to be missed moighty bad, an' Oi'm sorry they're goin' to leave us so soon," concluded Tommy, reaching for his flag as he heard the whistle of the Banner Blue in the distance. —Ellis E. Bankson, '07.

OCTOBER

O loosely swings the purpling vine,
The yellow maples flame before;
The golden-tawny ash-trees stand
Hard by our cottage door.
October glows on every cheek,
October shines in every eye,
While up the hills and down the dale
Her crimson banners fly.

—Ray R. Turner.

Keach Bone: "Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge."

WHEN MORNING BREAKS

When morning breaks, and college days are done,
What land shall hold each 'neath its blazing sun?
What castles rise, what ships drift home from sea,
What joy or pain shall welcome you, or me,
When morning breaks?

When morning breaks, and in the shifting light
We wait the call of One to lead us right,
And, trembling, enter on life's path alone—
No longer Seniors, but the wide world's own
When morning breaks—

What dreams shall cheer us through the sterner years,
What memories linger, of those Pioneers
Who meet in other scenes, some other fate,
Who shall stand with us at the open gate
When morning breaks!

Today, the happy flood-tide of our life's glad sea!—
Tomorrow, what its ebb may bear to you, or me—
We, and our God, shall will what it shall be,
When morning breaks.

—Isabel Bumgarner, '07.

Orris Bennett: "For a Lawyer's ne'er troubled with blushes, my dear!"

SENIOR PLAY

"WHO'S TO WIN HIM"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

'Squire Brushleigh	Ray Oliphant
Mr. Prattleton Primrose, an old bachelor	Harry Humphrey
Mr. Cyril Dashwood, a young officer	Edgar Merrow
Rose, daughter of 'Squire Brushleigh	Daisy Payne
Musedora, a niece	Ethel Baumgartner
Sylvia, a niece	Judith Mills
Minnetta, a niece	Jessie Lichtenberger
Arabella, a friend	Minnie Redmon

Class Day Program

10:00 A. M.

March

Class Ode . . . . . Isabel Bumgarner

Class Song

Class Addresses—

To the University:

Millikin of the Past . . Ethel Bumgarner

Millikin of the Future . . Horace McDavid

To the Undergraduates . . . Minnie Redmon

To the Faculty . . . Harry Humphrey

To the Millidek . . . Kent Williamson

To the Senior Class:

The Future of the Seniors . . Edgar Morrow

March

Presentation of Class Gift . . . Judith Mills

President's Acceptance

4:00 P. M.

Ivy Procession

Ivy Song

Presentation of the Spade . . . Arthur Moore

Farewell to Buildings—

Machine Shops . . . . Guy Porter

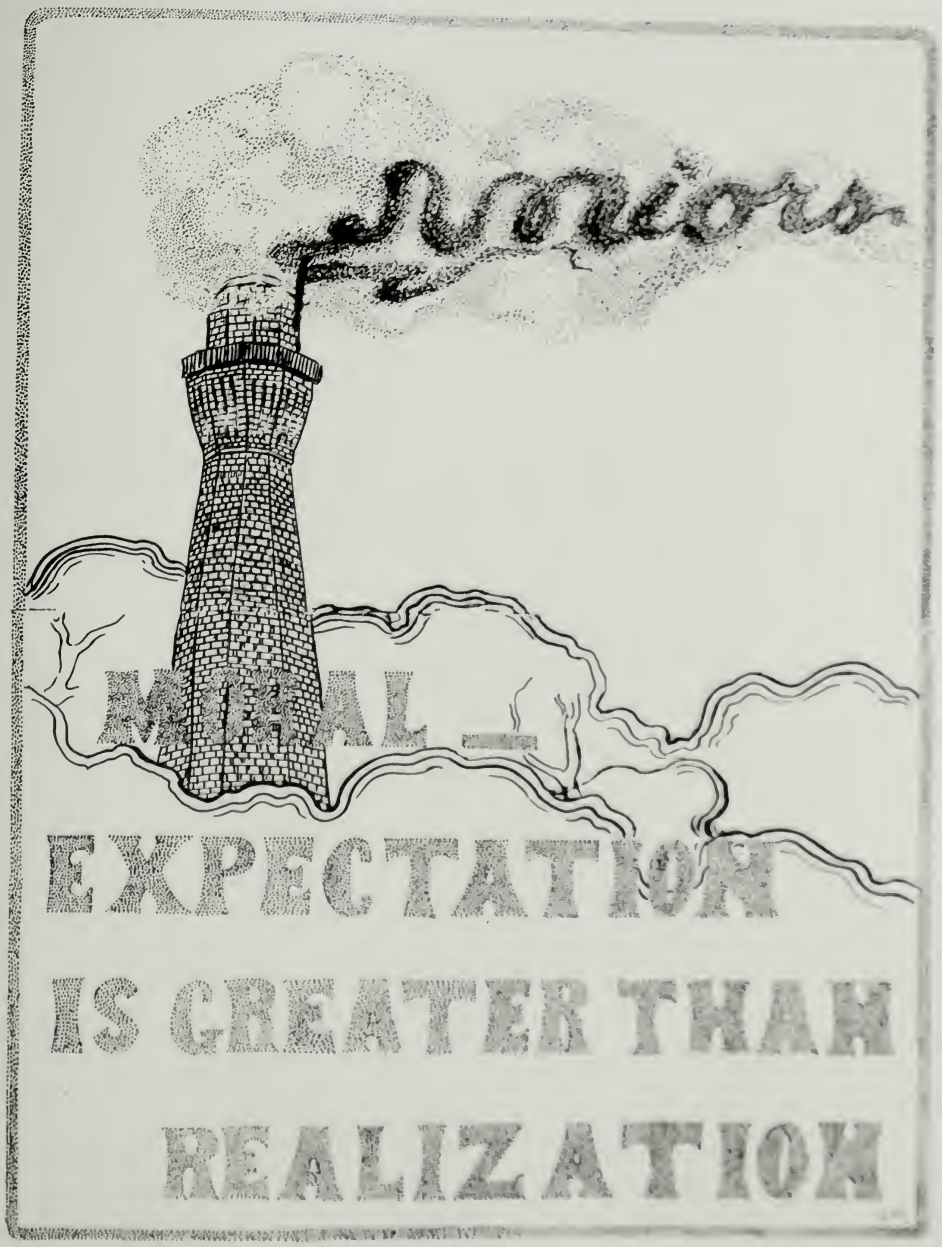
Engineering Building . . . Ray Oliphant

Domestic Science Building . . . Mary F. Poor

Liberal Arts Building . . Jessie Ferguson

Presentation of Gavel to Juniors . . Ellis Bankson

Senior Last Sing


Motion
MENTAL
EXPECTATION
IS GREATER THAN
REALIZATION

THE CLASS OF

NAUGHT EIGHT

NAUGHTY-EIGHT

Naughty-eight, naughty-eight,
Let us all co-operate!
Prexy loves us, one and all,
From Commencement week till Fall,
Our teachers too!
(That's the only time they do!)

Naughty-eight, naughty-eight,
Let the poor old Seniors prate!
Let them fuss and blow and steam,
All their wisdom's but a dream!
What's the odds?
We don't worship them as gods!

Naughty-eight, naughty-eight,
Three years now it's been our fate
To push the naughty-sevens through,
Prop them up in all they do,
Else they'd flunk;
What a pity they're so punk!

Naughty-eight, naughty-eight,
No one will forget our date!
We're the up-and-coming few,
We'll take care of J. M. U.
Never fear—
She'll be managed right next year!

—Clara M. Baker, '08.

Junius Dappert: "I am a stranger here, Heaven is my home."

NAUGHTICUS EIGHTICUS

A MORALITY PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

Scene: James Millikin University and vicinity. **Time:** 1904-1907.

ACT FRESHMAN

Scene I. Registrar's office, crowded. (A tumultuous noise of turmoil and despair. Confusion of tongues and much running to and fro.)

Enter Byrne, Romine, Van Cleve, Cole, Ritz, and others.

Ritz: Is this the place whereat to register?
Methinks the ducats in my pocket burn
In their desire well spended to become!

Van Cleve: I warrant it! Thy pate doth also burn;[1]
At least it flames before our startled eyes
Like fiery comet in the burning[2] skies.

Cole: Nay, far otherwise! Copernicus hath writ
That comets—

(Door to Prexy's office opens and cry within—"Next!" They rush forward.)

Dyer, (waving check-book angrily):
Back till thy names are called, irreverent pack!
Would you within that holy sanctum tread.
Uncalled for, unannounced, unheralded?[3]
Take ye upon yourselves the dignity
Of those whose privilege it is to serve
Within this office at five dollars per?
We have strictest statutes and most biting laws.
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,[4]
Which we must needs apply to such as you!
Come, then! Pay out your money and depart!

(They comply. Exeunt, while Dyer rakes in the Dough).[5]

Scene II. Smokestack of Engineering Hall. (Scene shrouded in dark blackness.)

Enter Ritz Morgan, Romine, Sansom, and Chorus of Freshmen.

Morgan: Hist, Gentle Sirs! Methinks a sound doth grate
Upon mine ears! Perchance a Soph doth come!

1. Contemporary chronicles mention the fact that this character was red-headed.
2. Note transferred epithet.
3. This is said to be one of the finest lines in the play, or in fact in all literature.
4. Confer Meas. for Meas., 1-3-19 and 20. Weeds—smart weeds.
5. Presumably derived from ducats.

Ritz: Peace! Your imagination bodies forth
The sounds of things unheard. Hand me the cord!
If we would scale this lofty height ere dawn,
And flaunt our flag of blood and thunder there
Where bravest Soph would fear to soar, and see
The gaping populace tomorrow gaze
With awestruck eye and rended neck thereat,
To work! Base sluggards! Would you have
The Sophomores upon your coat-tails hang
While you in vain essay th' immortal climb?
Get busy!

(The scene becomes confused. A rope is attached to the top of the chimney and Ritz begins the ascent).[6]

Romine: Wait! Wait! Thou hast forgot the nucleus,
The tout ensemble[7] of our enterprise!

(Takes red and black banner from underneath his coat and flings it to Ritz. Morgan also climbs after Ritz. The rest watch the ascent with breathless eye-balls.)

Romine, (in intense excitement):
Aha! Look! See! Behold they near the top!—
And now I see above the sooty pile
Our banner gleam; the bloody crimson glows
Beside the thunderous black!

Sansom: Hist! Here they come again! But in what hue!
Methinks they have annexed a quart apiece
Of carboniferous[8] atoms from the tow'r!
We give thee hail! Efstoons the envious—

(Crash within. A flying wedge of Sophs appears. Exeunt Freshmen, taking rope).

Deac. Young: S'Death! We are too late! The pesky kids
Already have affixed their colors high
Beyond the reach of mortal Sophomore!

McDavid: Zounds! We are undone! Have at them, Deac!
(They try to climb).

Porter: Oh for a Kansas cyclone to waft us to the top!

Bankson: A Rope! A Rope! My bookstore[9] for a Rope.

All (below): Ho, there! A rope!

Deac: I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires![10]

(Falls heavily).

---

6. End of Introduction and beginning of Rising Action.
7. Author shows range of linguistic knowledge.
8. Look up in Newth's Chemistry.
9. A slight anachronism occurs.
10. Cf. Mid. Sum. Night's Dr. Act. III—Sc. 2—1444.

McDavid: By my halidom, I cannot do't!

(Falls like a ripe walnut. Knocking within)

All: The Profs! The Profs! Skidoo!

(They run).

Curtain.

ACT SOPHOMORE

Scene 1. Room 49, 12:05. Sansom in chair.
Enter Sophomores.

Sansom: The time has come; we must reorganize.
An it shall please ye now to nominate
Your pilot through this year of 1905.
Speak up! Express yourselves!

Voice: Let's have Hi!

Another: I second it!

Another: Me too!

Sansom: Shall we not make this vote unanimous,
And raise our voices in one loud acclaim
To hail our President?

All: Ay! Ay!

(Shumway is escorted to throne).

All: Speech! Speech!

Shumway: Nay, nay, not so! Our business first, then speech!
Who would ye that we have for under-chief?

Van Cleve, (springing up): There is that dwells within these unspecked walls
A youth of presence gracious and demure;
He wastes no time with words of breezeiul froth,
Nor cons the bristling[11] bill-boards of West Main;
He dallies not to chat with damsels fair
When chapel has dismiss'd been at morn;
But straightway wends his serious steps to class,
And looketh not to right or left. Good sirs—

Cole: S'Death! Perchance the gentleman would say
A flutt'ring angel dwelleth in our midst'
For, good my lord, no wight of lowlier state
Might e'er resist a co-ed blandishment!
But pardon, sirs, mayhap he did intend
Himself when thus he spake!

Van Cleve: Thou wretch!
Would'st thou insinuate that I alone
Of all this student maze perfection have!
Perchance 'tis so. But ne'ertheless—

11. Note figure.

Cole: Perchance!!!
Thou worm! Thou insect! Thou presumptuous eel![12]
Take not my honors from me, shallow innocent,
Or by my halidom, I'll— (flourish)

Van Cleve: What is't ye'll do?
Thou action-taking, superserviceable[13] knave!
Sirrah, take that! (they clinch).

The Girls: Peace, ho! Help!
All: Help! Murder! Ho!

(Door opens. Prexy appears).

Prexy: How now, my friends! Go to! What means this strife?

Shumway, (aside): Keep peace upon your lives! He dies that strikes again![14]
(Scrap ceases).

Van Cleve: Forsooth, my President, we do but choose
Our several off'cers for the coming year.
But if we have disturbed, we pardon crave.

Prexy: 'Tis well. In truth it was a heavy sight
To see ye thus your little playmate biff!
And into base and envious discord fall!
I go. To mutual understanding come,
And just one precept fain am I to state—
My-dear-young-friends-we-must-co-operate!

(Exit). Curtain.

ACT JUNIORS

Scene 1. Lobby and stairway of L. A. Building. (Foundation slats of new hen-coop[15] visible through window. Door to chapel at rear).

Enter crowd of Juniors, who drape themselves over banisters and stairs and perch upon window sills.

Ruth B.: Ah, woe is me! Alack-a-day! Full soon
Will roll around the awful time when we
No longer blithesome, care-free Juniors young
Will wrestle with the Problems Great of Life;
But over Senior English con, and drink
The bitter hemlock of Psychology,

And wear the willow garland at its close.
Oh, ye my friends, weep with me! for the thought
Doth harrow up my soul, freeze my young blood,
And make me shudder and turn pale!

12. Note knowledge of Natural History.
13. Consult Webster's Unabridged.
14. Climatical.
15. Contemporaneous Literature also refers to this as "Girls' Dormitory."

Geo. Ewing: 'Tis true! Gadzooks! Methinks these very stairs
Do groan[16] and tremble with our weight of woe.
For it doth grieve me sore to contemplate
Our Senior friends with ever-widening pates[17]
And overwhelming brows and jaws forlorn;
Their pads of thesis slips they tightly grasp
And sally forth with murky fountain pen
To cull wise tho'ts from ponderous P. L.[18] tomes.

Van Cleve: And yet ye do forget the worst of all
Which over Seniors spreads its gloomy pall!
Each year they print without regard or reck
That bunch of folly called the Millidek!
That all their freaks and foibles, deeds sublime,
To the last syllable of recorded time
Go thundering down![19]

Lucy S.; The Millidek! In it is many a tale
Told by an idiot; full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

(Alarum. Flourish of hautboys and sound of singing within).

Irma B.: What means this tumult? Ho!

(Enter through chapel door procession of Seniors in caps and gowns, chanting college hymn.[20] They pass slowly across stage).

All: The Seniors! Ho!

Van Cleve: The Seniors! But with what changèd mien!
Look, how our ancient enemies do go
With measured pace and looks demure downcast,
For all the world like happy holly-hocks![21]

Cole: Methinks they really joyous seem! Perchance
The Senior lot its compensations hath
For all its trials severe. I can not tell!

Ruth: Is't even so? Then we defy you, stars!
And gladly will we meet our coming fate!

Frances F.: But look! They're passing from our eager sight!—

(Seniors pass through outer door and vanish into thin air).[22]

— And soon a shunless memory they'll be
Now—they're gone!

(Chorus of Juniors sings softly and with depthfull feeling)

16. Pathetic Fallacy.
17. Reference to Alleged Braininess of Seniors.
18. Public Library.
19. Note intense feeling in this speech (causing the clumsy rhyme), also character development of Van Cleve from the punning youngster of Act I freshman thru the pugnacious period typified in Act Sophomore, to this sublime height. Make chart à la Miss Cornell.
20. Hi-yi-ki-yi-kus, the Tribal Chant.
21. Obscure; may refer to Hooligans

SONG[23]

Close the door—across the river
They have gone!
With a groan, with just a shiver,
They have gone!
After years of toilsome toiling,
Cruel fate their efforts foiling—
Where the air is always boiling
They have gone!

Take the seats they held at chapel,
They have gone!
With the choice of theses grapple,
They have gone!
Chant their requiem slowly, sadly,
Rush upon their duties madly,
Fill the place they filled so badly—
They have gone!

In their caps and gowns imposing
They have gone!
Now they have no time for dozing
Where they've gone!
Long among us they did tarry,
With our feelings they made merry,
Very hard we fought them—very
And they've gone!

For the last time they've moved on, friends,
They have gone!
Once again we've seen all o'er, friends,
They have gone!
Let us hope we may endure, or
At the least our fate be surer—
Let us pray our record's purer
When we're gone!

Curtain.

ACT SENIOR

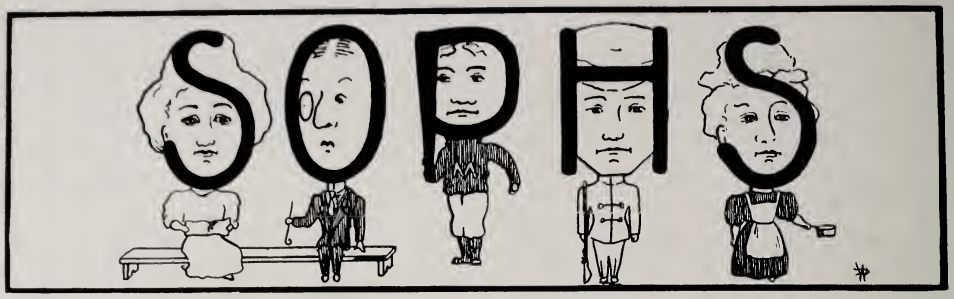
(Father Time still has the manuscript).

—Bonnie Blackburn, '08.

22. Allegorical of the utter nothingness that comes after graduation.
23. One of the matchless lyrics for which this author is so justly noted.

John Davidson: "And God created great whales."

SOPHOMORES



JUNIORS, Seniors, Faculty, lend us your ears! Do you realize what a favor we, the class of 1909, conferred upon you when we decided to make J. M. U. our Alma Mater? Think of the glory we have brought her, and give us our due reward. When, on Sept. 12, 1905, we entered the marble corridors for the first time, was there a timid or shy Freshman among us? **No;** we had our schedules arranged, called a class meeting, and organized before any of the other classes had fully awakened to the fact that the University year had really begun. They were spending all their time standing around looking at and admiring US, and (incidentally) wondering how they could squelch us. But after one look at our president and another at Bull Williamson they decided to let us alone.

Nevertheless, some of our escapes have been narrow. How many of you realize the great risk of our classmen when that beautiful curtain of purple and white was put up in the chapel at the dark and ghostly hour of 12:05 (a. m.)? How stealthily our men crept in! Down the aisles, past the chapel seats—silence, save for the heavy tread of the night-watchman, and the shriek of the Wabash engines! Softly they stole to the stage—and the deed was done! There it hung all night, while our men guarded, crouched in those holy faculty chairs. Four, five, six o'clock; seven; then the bells sounded for first hour classes. Nine came, nine-thirty, and—the janitor! Well, and if the flag did come down? We had to co-operate.

What we have done in 1906, you all know. The Freshmen have feared and reverenced us, the upper classmen have been fond of us, the faculty have loved us. We have disappointed the Freshmen in some ways, perhaps. We did not send them the time-honored little notices, purely for that purpose. As for the color rush—well, read the "Epic of the Oak." It needs no corroboration. Facts are facts; we are proud of our men.

And now we command you to adopt as yours the motto of the Freshman Class of 1910:

"I revere the University; I revere the President; I revere the Faculty; I revere the Seniors; but most of all do I honor and revere the Sophomore class, the class of 1909."

—Georgia La Fave Donaldson.

Ida Diller: "Fair spoken and persuasive, honest to the core."

'09

THE EPIC OF THE OAK

BY WAN WANDERER ¶ THE SAGA OF THE TRIBE

Come, Muse and hearken to my newest song
And polish it and make it good and strong.
This theme might Homer or Bill Nye have used;
This stirring tale with fire divine have fused.
The world, although of them so long bereft,
Still treasures the unmeaning tales they left.
But, though my story far transcendeth theirs,
I still am filled with six distinct despairs.
Would that I had their tongues to set it forth;
Could use their taking thrills' for all they're worth!
Then would my words bring down the distant skies,
Transcend the voice of linnet, buzz of flies.
Then hurry up my pen, and write, I'll hold your fan.

The day was dark, the sun gleamed hideously
Out from surrounding clouds. The trees were decked
With leaves half green, half gold. Dim portents filled
The air and many a sign foreboded ill.
And rumors of impending clash, much noised,
Had brought a motly curious throng to gaze
On death and horrors, loved of weak and strong.
A hush fell on the mighty multitude,
That stood expectant in that autumn sun.
For, 'round the sturdy form of Robur grouped,
They saw a hoard of rude barbarian stand
With trembling limb and quavering voice, alert
Against the dreaded Sophs' enkindled ire.
And, to the southward, lay the Soph'mores' camp;
Their scanty numbers, courage multiplied.
Among them stalked brave warriors, often seen
In bloody field of war and ambuscade;
Names written in the annals of the brave:
Mac lead us, soul aflare with zeal of war;
His 'scutcheon gave the sign: "Their Rags or Death."
And Moeller broke the way firm linked with Bull;
Bull, looming big as dark Calamity,
His golden locks agleam like noon-day sun,
Looked, yea! I swear it! like to Phoebus self.
Then Davy followed, blest of Gods and girls,

Jessie Ferguson: "You cannot coax de mornin' glory to climb de wrong way roun' de corn stalk."

What hath the big head bigger than all thought
And Billy Bell, our gentle, blustering Bill:
Baker and Wilson who commissioned were
The walls to scale, and Owens, battle scarred,
The Patriarch of the tribe. Long live as such!
And many another hero brave beside;
A grateful country knows their several names,
Their deeds recorded in its Book of Acts.

Lo! the word of battle followed by a hush,
A quiet menacing, a calmness fell,
Like to the stillness that precedes a storm.
Then as an avalanche loosed from a crag,
With force unspent, fell on the waiting foe
And scattered them and gained strong Roburs base,
Whose spreading branches dripped with black and gold.
One moment seemed the battle fairly won,
And from the multitude 'gan forth a shout
That reached the vault of sky reverberant.
But vain it was! The barbarous Fresh found foot,
And hurled himself upon his hated foe
Till both, in one, seemed melted and dissolved;
So great, so hideous, the confusion was.
Clash piled on clash, now rose, and sickening, fell.
Shrill outcries rang and dreadful sounds of war
Shouts, doubly doubled, shook the morning air.
And Wyckles heard; her busy tradesfolk stopped
To listen; sweet Maroa caught the sound,
And feared, and thought it was an earthquake's roar.
Fists gleamed in air and gore, unheeded, dropt,
And blow met blow, and rare skillalabs fell,
And, 'round about, dropped torn habiliments
Of friend and foe. Still fought they on, nor stopped;
Now one and now another bit the dust,
And trembling, rose and sought the fight again.
They tramped unheeding, over fallen ones;
They struck, they parried, and they fought—
Two hostile souls, in one confused mass,
That wrestled there, and tore and rent their ledgement;
A sea, tumultuous, heaving to and fro
Like tossing billows—surging, writhing men.

The fighting lulled; the Freshmen held the tree;
The Sophomores, broken, scattered here and there,
Their leader lost and other in the fray,
Drew off to form new councils and new plans
But not for long. The conflict raged anew;
Again and still again, the Sophies charged
Undaunted, on the foes unfaltering line,
And, scattered and defeated, flung far back,
Still formed anew and ever struck again.

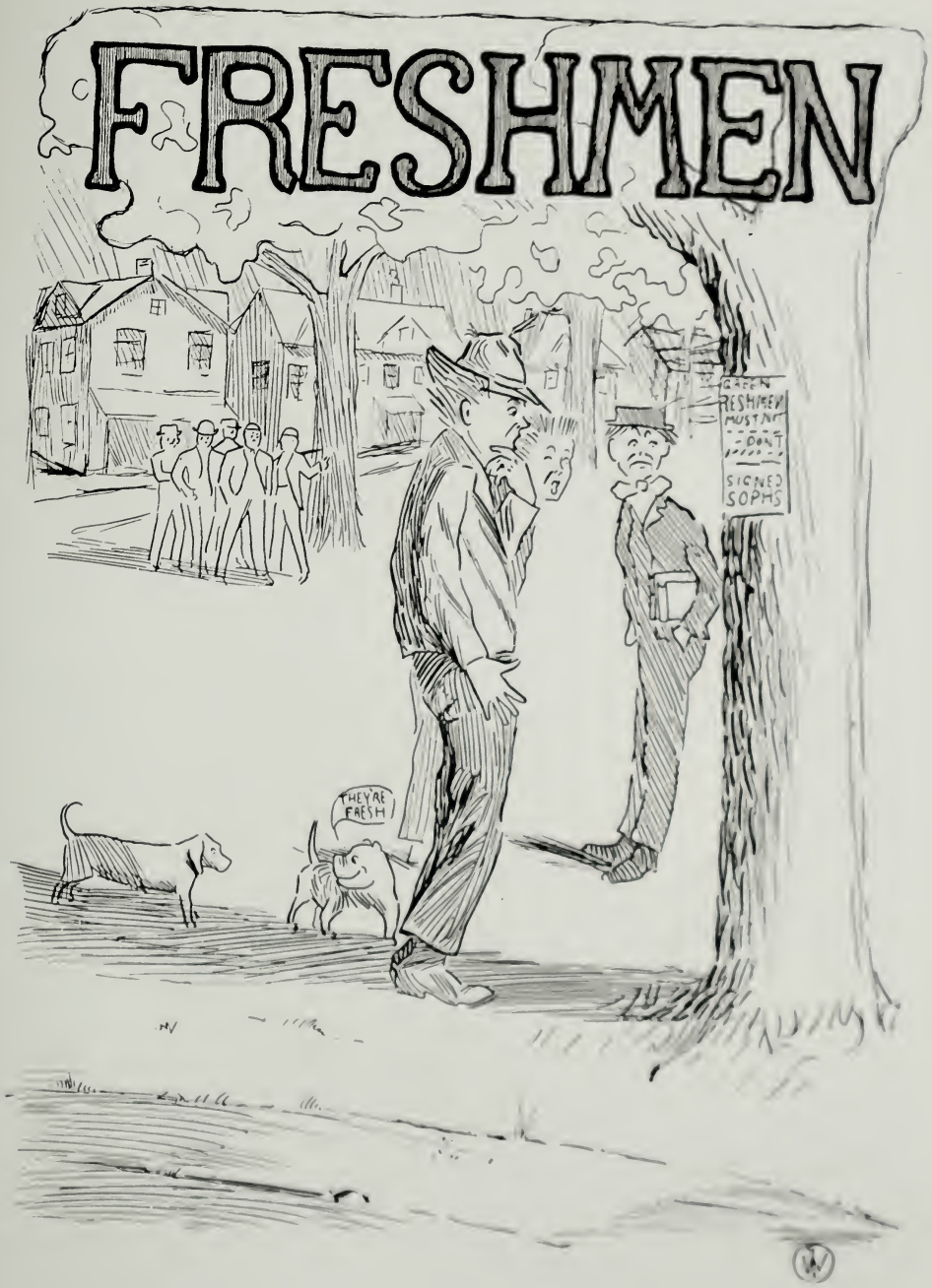
Hope Finfrock: "The shell must break before the bird can fly."

Oft, clambering o'er his comrades' head, some brave
The Colors coveted all eager sought,
But, baffled still, was hurtling flung away.
And many a warrior brave, inspired with rage
And hoping victory to a hopeless cause,
Unwearied, threw himself upon the foe,
Gained for a moment Robur's stem, alone,
Gained for a moment, and was flung far down.
A ladder next was gained—the prize seemed near—
The cursed race! they let their women fight,
With tooth and nail, they bore their part that day,
And wrenched the ladder from opposing hands;
Not like the women of our tribe, who, modest, fair,
Leave to the men the implements of war.
Though baffled still, the Sophs sought still the prize;
The Goddess Fury ruled within their hearts,
Sustained each weary form, and hid from thought
Their many grievous wounds and bruises sore.
A limb was seized and, as the daylight waned,
Foes grappled, surged, and weary war did wage.
Success at last veered toward the Sophomores.
Some grimly held the limb and holding, prayed,
With bloody upturned face, for time and strength,
While others, active, sought to mount the limb,
To gain the goal. Defeated still of hope,
They fought on hopelessly, with sobbing hearts,
With fear of less than Victory, or than Death.
So, hotly waged the conflict to its close;
The vaunting honors, hanging still untouched
Did to the Freshmen give the palm of war.

The dead removed, the field left desolate,
It seemed a thousand kine had herded there;
The dry dust rose and clung against the sky;
The ground was strewn with warriors' mail and arms;
The one-time peaceful, smiling land was changed
To field of carnage, and to field of woe.
The weary heroes slowly sought their camps,
But left their painful journey homeward marked
By blots of blood that bleeding braves had left.

—W. H. Banfill.

Irene Handlin: "When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music."


FRESHMEN
GREEN
FRESHMEN
MUST NOT
DON'T
SIGNED
SOPHS
THEY'RE
FAESH

'10

THE FRESHMAN HISTORY

AMONG the seven hundred Christian youths of the James Millikin University there were not wanting some eighty-seven, all-Freshmen, eager to learn. By collision with such, a certain warmth, a certain polish was communicated; by instinct and a happy incident, the Color Rush, the Freshies took less to rioting than to thinking and reading. From the chaos of the University Library they succeeded in fishing up more books than had been known to the very keepers thereof. Hereby the foundations of Literary Lives were laid. The New-Comers learned to read fluently in all cultivated languages, on almost all subjects and sciences (including Campustry, and a course in Fraternity History): farther, as man is ever the prime object to men, it was their favorite employment to read character in speculation, and from the Writing to construe the Writer.

All departments of University Activity were the recipients of great infuxes of 1910 classmen. The august bodies of the Orlandian and Philomathean denominations became filled with brainy Freshmen. The Dramatic Art Club called them before the footlights. "Pinky" Winters became a recovered twin, Wasem carried the basket, and the Duke wore the clothes. "College Perplexities," in the Athletic Benefit brought Wasem, the High and Worthy Hero of the Freshmen again before an appreciative audience. The dauntless McDavid plead for the Navy that it might ever remain the "Messenger of the Gospel," while Ross struck twelve when he showed "Thirteen Reasons why the Navy should be increased." The Brown Debate, the Inter-Society Contests, and the Wesleyan Struggle, all these and other stunts gained the Freshmen everlasting Fame. Many of the New-Comers became the Bone and Marrow of the Com-Fin and the Debating Societies. The hungry young looked up to their Spiritual Nurses, and for Food, partook of the Bread of Life, a la Conant's Literary Interpretation. Into the Y. M. C. A. the Freshmen entered placing several of their own men on the Cabinet. Coach Ashmore's call for material kindled the fire in many breasts and on the line, at the bat, in the race, or on the team were Millikin's greatest Athletic Progidies, the Freshmen. Such Immortal Heroes as Hill, E. Ross, Hyde, A. Ross, Gearen, Isaacs, and Hamilton.

O! noble Senior, when thou, thyself, a watery, pulpy, slobbering Freshman and New-Comer in this planet, sattest muling and puking in thy nurses arms, sucking thy coral and looking forth into the world in the blankest manner, what hadst thou to be proud of? What battles hadst thou fought and won? Hadst thou not heard of that glorious day when the Freshmen of 1910 proved themselves of no common endowment? Hadst thou not heard of that Color Rush in the strong sunshine of the cheery

Harry Humphrey: "On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting.
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting."

skies of balmy October? Yonder see the proud and gallant Sophomores drawn up in battle array, determined, confident, impatiently waiting the battle call?

Hear the whistle blow! See the awful rush! The flying wedge rebounds from the Stonewall-Freshmen! The Sophomores charge with vehement vengeance, terrible onslaughts of Satanic-power and Superhuman effort. Up jumps the Hero-Soph in an agonized attempt to reach the Hamilton-guarded colors. A score of Frenzied Freshmen drag him down, and hurl him from the battle-ring. A writhing, squirming mass of demons! Dante's Inferno, yea, the War of the Gods was not more fierce than this hell-breath battle of half an hour. The whistle blows! The war has ceased! The Freshmen are the Victors! Three cheers for the Orange and the Black!

Proud Senior! haughty Junior! worsted Soph! what have ye to boast about?

Take off your corduroys,
  Your mortar-boards and gowns,
Win your prestige and your joys,
  Through wrestling on the grounds.

There's nothing in the clothes, you know,
  That doth reveal the man,
It's only in the grit you show,
  That we may know you "can."

—John Lyons, '10.

A SECRET

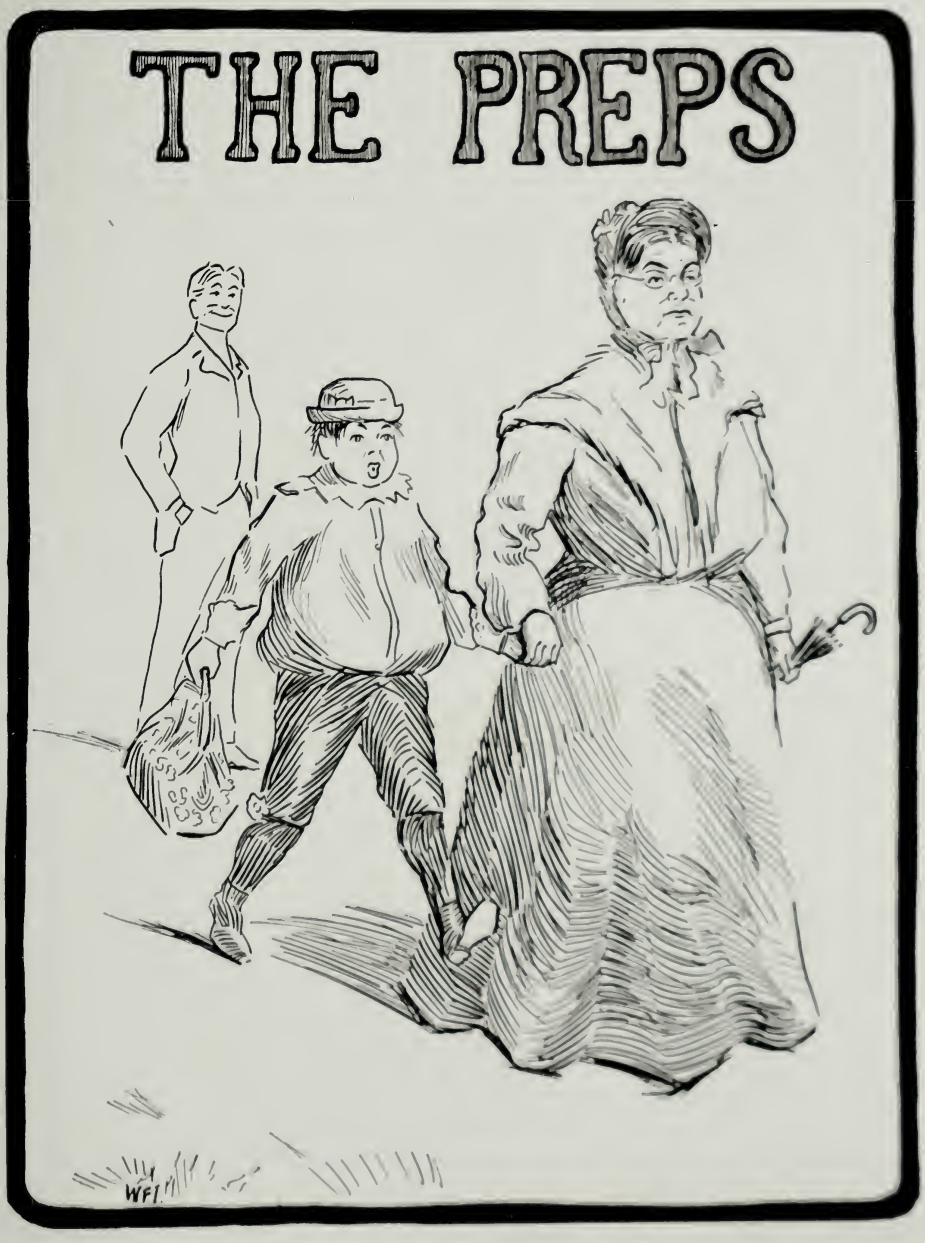
Come all ye jolly students
  That whistle down the pike,
I'll tell you of a secret
  That prexy didn't like.

So cross your heart in earnest,
  And never, never tell—
The Freshies beat the Soph'mores
  In the color rush—now yell!

—Bertha McClelland, '10.

Lulu Laughlin: "The king himself has follow'd her
When she has walk'd before."

THE PREPS



Van Deusen

THE CIRCUS

Gee, ain't it fun to go to the circus?
See the horses all a-prancin'
'N' the dancers all a-dancin'
'N' the silver spangles glancin'
In the light!
When you see the big perade in the mornin',
'N' the purty red 'n' gold the cars adornin',
'N' the funny clowns so gay,
Then how can you keep away
From the circus grounds that day,
Or at night!
Hear the lions all a-howlin'!
See the wicked tigers scowlin'!
Hear the jaguar a-growlin'!
Ain't it fine!
Them fine gentlemen a-ridin', two 'n' two,
'N' the leddies right behind 'em—purty, too!—
'N' the little pony rigs,
'N' the clowns a-dancin jigs,
'N' a-ridin' on the pigs
Down the line,
Ain't it great,
When the circus comes to town,
'N' the elephants march aroun',
'N' you foller 'em right down
To the gate;
'N' you hang aroun' the great big side-show tent,
'N' you wish that dime you had once't wasn't spent;
'N' you wait
Till they open up the doors—
Look there, how the big crowd pours!
Mercy, how that lion roars!—
Don't be late!

Jessie Lichtenberger: "——the sweetest little maid that ever crow'd for kisses."

There's the animals to see—
Gee! That's lots o' fun for me!—
We must git good seats to see
Sure tonight!
Then the band plays, 'n' the bell begins to ring,
'N' the grand percession marches roun' the ring;
Now then, see the horses prancin',
'N' the dancers all a-dancin',
'N' the silver spangles glancin'
In the light!
Gee, ain't it fun to go to the circus!

—Ray R. Turner.

CLOVER AND JUNE

Silvered with clover the low hills lie,
Sunshine and shadow flit over the grass;
Crossing the blue of the quiet sky,
White and majestic, the slow clouds pass.

Fragrant with clover the south wind blows,
Spicy and warm are the odors it brings;
Petals fall fast from the sweet wild rose,
Down where the pallid anemone swings.

Honey of clover the butterflies sip,
Hovering, poising, on glittering wings;
Perched on the poplar bough's slender tip,
Loudly exulting, the oriole sings.

Dew on the clover field glistens bright,
Honey-bees murmur their drowsiest tune;
Beauty and sweetness from morning till night—
This is the message of clover and June!

—Clara M. Baker.

Anna Magill: "When love's fever becomes too fitful administer ice freely."

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?
NOT BACON OR SHAW, BUT WINTERS

A short time ago George Bernard Shaw boldly came forward as the author of Shakespeare. He tried to prove it by taking the titles of a certain number of Shakespeare's plays; and taking the fourth letter from the end of the title he found his name, Bernard Shaw. Thus:

MacBeth
Julius CaEsar
Comedy of ErRors
Merchant of VeNice
Antony and CleopAtra
Two Gentlemen of VeRona
Merry Wives of WinDsor
Troilus and CresSida
Timon of AtHens
Antony and CleopAtra
All's Well that ends Well

It is my intention to prove the falsity of Shaw's statement, and show by internal evidences that Shakespeare was written by Millidek contributors. No doubt the world will be startled when it becomes generally known who really did write Shakespeare.

Evidence I.

The Merry Wives of Windsor
Julius Caesar
HamLet
TweLfth
Trollus and Cressida
A MiDsummer Night's Dream
OthEllo
The Komedy of Errors

In this it will be readily seen that by selecting eight of the plays and following the fourth letter, the name "Millidek" stands out like an artist's signature on the corner of a painting.

In this list are found also evidences of collaboration with President Roosevelt and Professor Conant. (See "Komedy of Errors.")

Horace McDavid: "An heir to hairlessness."

Evidence II.

A Midsummer Night's Drea**M**
As You Like **It**
Ham**L**et
Love's Labor's **L**ost
Per**I**cles
All's Well That En**D**s Well
The Wint**E**r's Tale
King John

This, it will be seen, is a little more obscure, but so methodically and mathematically arranged that there can be no doubt as to the deliberate intention.

In the first line, read the last letter, in the second line, the second from the last letter, and so on, to the eighth line, in which read the eighth letter, which is also the first. Thus running from the last on the first line to the first on the last line we have "Millidek." Does this not show the direct influence of Dr. Shaw, and does the allusion to one of his most earnest and faithful students, Winters, mean nothing? This brings us to the third evidence.

Evidence III.

"THE WINTER'S TALE"

Emila
Antigonus
Rogero
Leontes

Four of the characters of the play, the first letters spelling the author's first name, the third character, Rogero, showing the influence and probable collaboration of Dr. Rogers. In this arrangement the disputed authorship is conclusively proven.

A typographical error has prevented the play's being accredited to the real author all these years. The apostrophe should be placed, as it doubtless will be in future editions, after the **s**, instead of before. Thus: "The Winters' Tale."

Indubitable proof is found in the choice of names listed above, which sign the work with the author's Christian name. In addition to this, note that among the characters are found four lords—equal to one Earl; see also the constantly repeated phrases —"My sweet lord," "My gracious lord," and "I know you are, sir, a gentleman born." The play is rich in allusions to high rank, all pointing to the name of Earl. (See index of characters for thirty-one Earls occuring in the plays.)

So much for one of the contributors. Others can be proven as readily, but lack of space, etc., etc., prevents.

—Earl Emerson Winters.

Hallie Miller: "Angels listen when she speaks."

PRIZE WINNERS

Brown Debate—Twenty-five dollar gold piece	John Lyons
Rodgers & Clark Story—Twenty dollar gold piece	Ray R. Turner
Dramatic Art—Twenty-five dollars, J. F. Given	
University Dramatic Art Club, first place,	Letha B. Patterson
Inter Society Contest—Twenty-five dollar art piece,	Linn & Scruggs
	Orlandian Literary Society, 6—5
Debate—Orlandian	E. Starr Cole, Horace W. McDavid
Recitation	Harry N. Humphrey
Oration—Philomathean	Hiram N. Shumway
Story	Isabel Bumgarner
Millidek Story Contest:	
First prize, $3.50	Ray R. Turner, '09
Second prize, one Millidek	Letha B. Patterson, '07
Millidek Poem:	
One Millidek	Hope Finfrock, '07
Millidek Art Contest:	
First prize, $3.50	Walter Isaacs, '10
Second prize, one Millidek	Glenn Tanner, '09
Third prize, one Millidek	Josephine Conad
Millidek Cartoon Contest:	
One Millidek	Fred R. Webber, '10

Judith Mills: "I am for men."

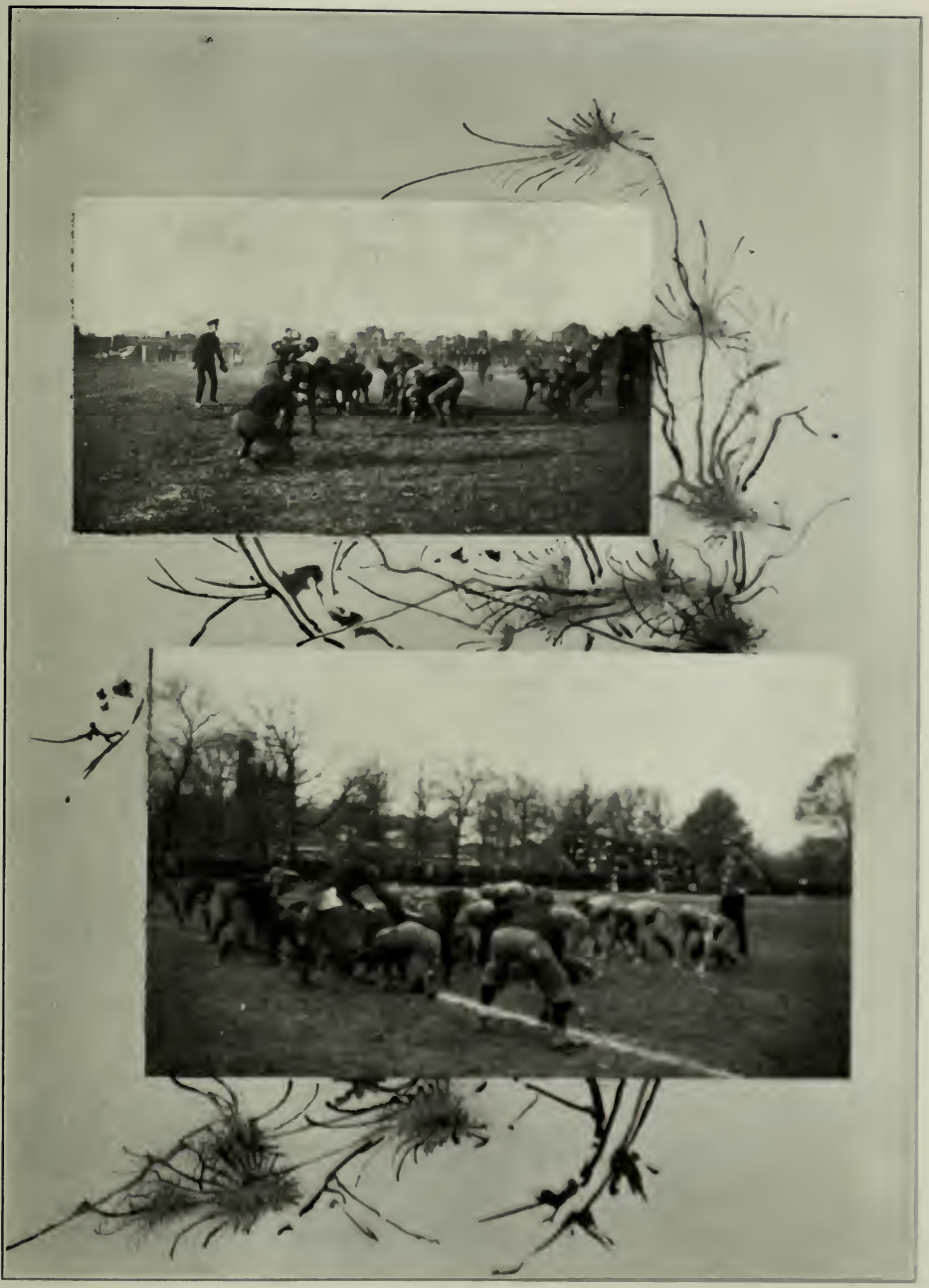
THE ORGANIST

He who, with bold and skillful hand, sweeps o'er
The organ keys of some cathedral pile,
Flooding with music vault and nave and aisle,
While on his ears falls but a thunderous roar—
In the composer's lofty motive free,
Knows well that all that temple vast and dim
Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm, or hymn,
True to the changeless laws of harmony.
So he, who on these changing chords of life
With firm, sweet touch plays the Great Master's score
Of Truth, and Love, and Duty, evermore,
Knows too, that far beyond this roar and strife,
Tho' he may never hear, in the true time
These notes will all accord in symphonies sublime.

Ray Turner.

Arthur Moore: "The missing link!" (Pithycanthropus erectus.)

ATHLETICS



MILLIKIN vs. NORMAL
MILLIKIN vs. SHURTLEFF

ATHLETICS

Our athletics, their prominence and their strength during 1906 and 1907, are two of the things that all the students of our University are proud to talk about.

While preceding years have been successful in many ways, yet the season of 1906 and 1907 has been the best of them all. We came back in the fall of 1906 with a record to uphold, and an enviable record it was, too. The teams of the previous year had been extremely successful, winning, in football, second place in the championship race among the minor colleges of Illinois. Our baseball team easily tied for first place, and was accorded by many the first place among the minor colleges. The track team, while laying claim to no championship, was very successful, considering the fact that it was its first season in intercollegiate athletics.

With this record to sustain, when the first call was made for candidates for the 1906 football team on September the 12th, 1906, it was very gratifying when thirty-five men responded. Out of these candidates, under the direction of Coach Jimmy Ashmore, the team of 1906 was produced. This team, while defeated by our old rival, Monmouth, played with a gameness that, with a change of luck, could have made the game ours at any time.

Through the winter, the indoor track team established many new records, and won first in all the meets in which it participated.

With many of the old men back that were on last year's baseball team, the prospects for a team this spring are very good.

The leaving of Coach Ashmore was a severe hindrance, yet under the direction of Coach D. W. Morton and Captain Moeller, the team is one of the best we have ever had.

Along other branches of athletics there has been a large amount of activity. Our basket ball team, although winning none of their games, deserve much credit for upholding that department of athletics under such adverse circumstances.

The tennis section is developing very satisfactorily. The team last year won two out of the four tournaments held with

Edgar Morrow: "A social animal now under domestication."

the Decatur Tennis Club in doubles, and, in the singles, Ensil Sumners defeated the strongest player from the City Association. The team this year has a very bright prospect, and while a number of the best of last year's players are not in school this year, the new material will easily fill their places.

Several local and out of town tournaments are scheduled and will add very much to the interest of tennis this spring.

As a whole the present year has been far better than any former year in our history, both from the fact that more of our students are interested, and are pushing athletics, and from the fact that better results are being obtained than ever before. We know that this year has been a good year, and we feel certain that next year will be even better, since many of the men on this year's teams are expected to return to school next year, and we feel certain that Millikin blue and white will float again from the championship pole.

MILLIKIN YELL

Alla, Rah, Alla Rah,
Alla Rah, Rah, Rah,
Yo Yah, Yo Yah,
Millikin, Millikin,
Rah, Rah Rah.

Ray Oliphant: "Perfectly harmless." "He is a perfect Lady."

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Athletic Association of the James Millikin University, now four years old, has experienced during the last year, the most successful year in its history. Not only have the teams under its direction been highly successful, but in its financial standing, it has been enabled during the year to place itself entirely free from debt.

This year the Athletic Association attempted to institute a compulsory athletic fee, imposed upon the entire student body, but owing to many unexpected impediments, was unable to do this, so the next best plan that could be devised was taken up. That of federating the interests of the Association, the Lecture Course, the Band, the Battalion and the Dramatic Art Club, making it possible for a student purchasing a Federation ticket to be entitled to attend all the games and entertainments given by the organizations named; also to pay the entire cost of privileges in these organizations. This plan was highly successful, and nearly three times the number of persons heretofore interested in athletics became directly interested in them.

This year, another effort is being made to persuade the Board of Managers to give us a compulsory athletic fee, which has signs of being successful. Nearly all those directly interested this year are for it, as is shown by the petition presented to the Board of Managers. Such a measure would be very beneficial to the Association, and should receive the support of all the students.

During the year the Association has retiled the baseball diamond, recindered a large portion of the track, and built one new bleacher. These improvements have been needed for some time, and fill a long felt want. The tennis courts have been remodeled, and new equipment purchased for them, so that they are now in first class condition.

Much of the credit for this year's success is due to the Board of Athletic Directors, which is composed as follows:

FACULTY MEMBERS

President A. R. Taylor.
Coach J. N. Ashmore.
Professor C. A. Meserve.
Professor Varnum.
Professor Stevenson.
Professor Mills.
C. W. Dyer.

ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

President	E. D. Morrow
Vice President	J. Arthur Moore
Second Vice President	Verna Brooks
Secretary	G. E. Ewing

STUDENT MANAGERS

Football	Hiram Shumway
Baseball	J. Arthur Moore
Track	Fred Benton
Tennis	Lloyd S. Wallace
Basketball	Edward Ross

Elsa Olsen: "Thou art a scholar."

WEARERS OF THE

OFFICIAL WEARERS

1906-1907

BASEBALL

Stocks
Hamilton
Wasem
Pierson
Smith
Benton
Swisher
Moeller (Capt.)

FOOTBALL

Hill
Pease
McDavid
Dunham
Hamilton
Bennett
Richmond
Wilson
Bell
Stocks
Moore (Capt.)

TRACK

E. Drake
W. Drake
Shumway
VanGuilder
Moeller
Davenport
Porter (Capt.)

Bert Padon: "Man! thou pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear"

Under the direction of Coach Ashmore, from a squad of thirty-five men, including only two men of last year's team, was developed the football team of 1906. The result was an agreeable surprise to all, and with an even run of luck, the team should have finished the season with but a single defeat to its credit. However, owing to a part of the team missing their connections on the trip to DePauw, that game was lost. The game with Rose Poly was the crowning event of the season, and clearly demonstrated what a great team we had.

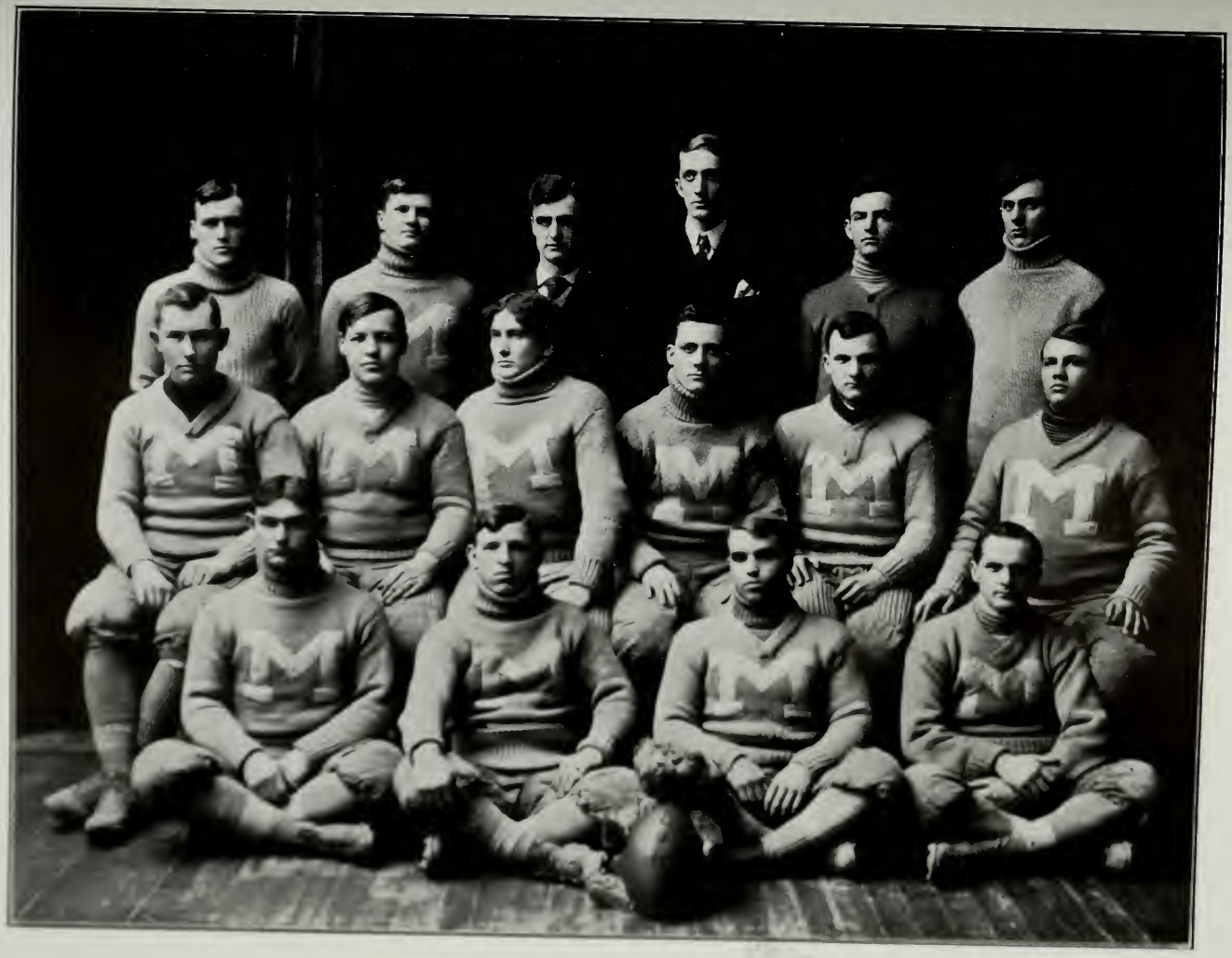
PERSONEL OF THE TEAM

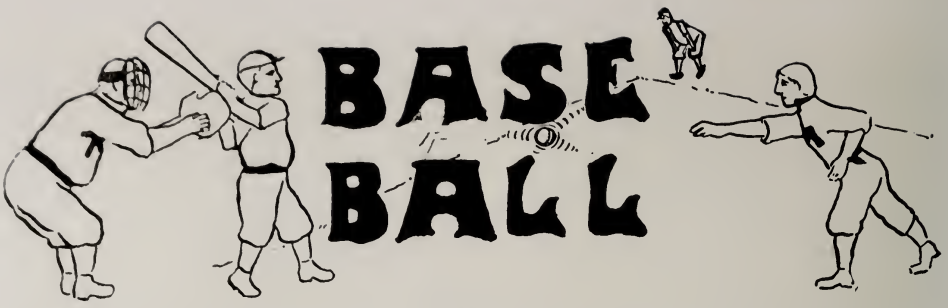
Name	Position	Weight	Years' Experience	Games Played
Stocks	R. End	150	One	Five
Dunham	R. Tackle	180	One	Seven
Bell	R. Guard	165	Two	Five
Hill	Center	195	One	Seven
Pease	L. Guard	160	Two	Five
Bennett	L. Tackle	160	Two	Five
McDavid	L. End	145	Four	Six
Wilson	Q. B.	135	Two	Seven
Richmond	L. H. B.	150	One	Five
Hamilton	R. H. B.	155	One	Seven
Moore	F. B.	175	Four	Seven
Ross	Sub. L. T.	165	Two	Four
Benton	Sub. End	140	One	Four
Baker	Sub. End	145	One	Two

SEASON 1906

Millikin	60	Pekin	0
Millikin	14	Normal	4
Millikin	9	Monmouth	25
Millikin	17	Charleston	0
Millikin	0	DePauw	12
Millikin	6	Rose Poly	5
Millikin	9	Shurtleff	0
Millikin	115	Opponents	46

Letha Patterson: "I am doing my Sunday-School best."





While the season is still young, the baseball results, so far, are very encouraging. Many men of Varsity calibre are out, and competition for places on the team is very close. Five men from last year's team are playing again this year, and together with the new material, are the making of a winning team.

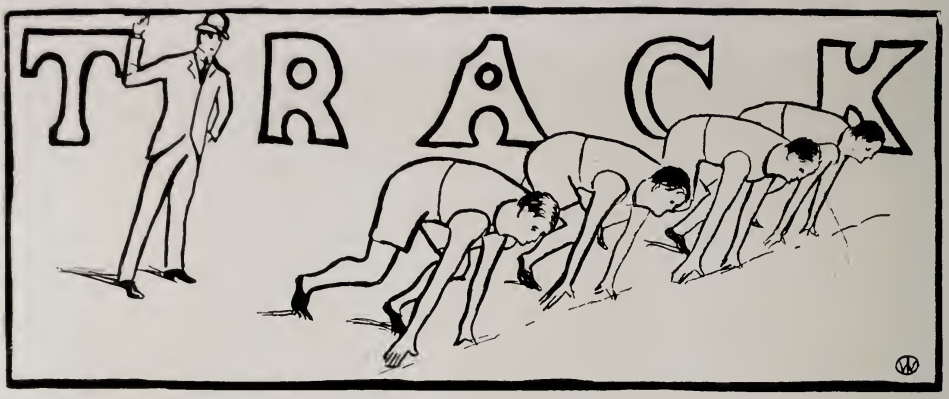
PERSONEL OF THE TEAM

Name	Position	Years Experience
Swisher	Catcher	One
Hill	Catcher	One
Stocks	First base	Three
Hamilton	Second base	Two
Pierson	Third base	One
Wasem	Short stop	Two
Smith	Left field	Two
Benton	Center field	Two
Davis	Right field	One
Pease	Sub. fielder	Two
Moeller	Pitcher	Three
Smith	Pitcher	Two
Hackenberg	Right field	One
Baker	Sub. infielder	One

SCHEDULE

April 13th	Millikin vs. Illinois College	Decatur
April 16th	Millikin vs. Wesleyan	Decatur
April 22nd	Millikin vs. Rose Poly.	Terre Haute
April 27th	Millikin vs. St. Louis U.	Decatur
May 3rd	Millikin vs. Wesleyan	Bloomington
May 4th	Millikin vs. Knox	Galesburg
May 16th	Millikin vs. Nebraska	Decatur
May 19th	Millikin vs. DePauw	Decatur
May 23rd	Millikin vs. Monmouth	Decatur
May 29th	Millikin vs. St. Louis U.	St. Louis
May 25th	Millikin vs. Illinois College	Jacksonville
June 1st	Millikin vs. Knox College	Decatur

Daisy Payne: "To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."



The season of 1906 being the first for the track team in inter-collegiate athletics, much allowance must be made for the showing made by them. Although Captain Lehman worked hard to develop the team, sufficient good material was not available to make a championship team. The meet with Wesleyan was the only one won during the season, Illinois College and Monmouth defeating us. The trip to Monmouth was largely responsible for the defeat there, as many of the men were out of condition.

Captain Porter has worked wonders with the men this year, as the indoor record shows, and he promises us a good outdoor team.

MILLIKIN OUT DOOR TRACK TEAM

Events	Name	Place	Time or Distance
50 yd. Dash	Isaacs	Millikin Field	:05-4
100 yd. Dash	Davenport	Millikin Field	:10-2
220 yd. Hurdle	E. Drake	Wesleyan	:27-2
120 yd. Hurdle	Moeller	Wesleyan	:18-2
220 yd. Dash	Davenport	Millikin Field	:23
440 yd. Run	Lehman	Y. M. C. A.	:51-4
880 yd. Run	Morrow	Wesleyan	1:59-2
1 mile Run	Porter	Millikin Field	4:48-2
Shot Put	Moeller	Wesleyan	38 ft. 10 in.
Discus	Moeller	Monmouth	105 ft. 2 in.
Hammer	W. VanGuilder	Millikin	129 ft. 4 in.
Pole Vault	Sprague	Y. M. C. A.	10 ft. 2 in.
Broad Jump	Bruce	Millikin Field	19 ft. 11-½ in.
High Jump	Shumway	Wesleyan	5 ft. 5 in.

RESULTS

Millikin	83	Wesleyan	34
Millikin	54	Illinois	72
Millikin	44	Monmouth	82

SCHEDULE, 1907

May 3rd, Millikin vs. Illinois, at Jacksonville.
May 9th, Millikin vs. Monmouth, at Decatur.
May 25th, Millikin vs. Wesleyan, Millikin Field.

Mary Poor: "A drop of honey catches more flies than a hogshead of vinegar."

INDOOR TRACK TEAM

In indoor track athletics Millikin has been very successful; and, while her meets have been confined almost entirely to meets with the local Y. M. C. A., yet much interest has been developed, and many good records made. For two successive years our team has won the banner from the Y. M. C. A.

MILLIKIN *vs.* Y. M. C. A.

Events	First		Second		Time or Distance
½ mile	Millikin	5	Millikin	3	2:15
1 mile	Millikin	5	Millikin	3	5:02
220 yards	Millikin	5	Y. M. C. A.	3	:27
¼ mile	Millikin	5	Y. M. C. A.	3	:62
Shot Put	Y. M. C. A.	5	Millikin	3	39 ft. 11 in.
¼ mile Potato race	Millikin	5	Y. M. C. A.	3	1:43
High Jump	Y. M. C. A.	5	Y. M. C. A.	3	5 ft. 9 in.
Broad Jump	Y. M. C. A.	5	Millikin	3	18 ft. 2 in.
Rope climb	Millikin	5	Y. M. C. A.	3	4:2
20 yd. Dash	Millikin	5	Y. M. C. A.	3	3:2
Relay	Y. M. C. A.	5			4:47-2
Relay	Y. M. C. A.	5			

MILLIKIN INDOOR RECORDS

Events	Name	Time or Distance
1 mile	Porter	5:01
½ mile	Lehman	2:13
¼ mile	Lehman	:60-2
220 yard	Hackenberg	:27-1
20 yard	Isaacs	:03-4
Potato race	Morrow	1:41-1
Rope Climb	Dappert	:8
High Jump	Wilson	5 ft. 5 in.
High Kick	Wilson	8 ft. 1 in.
Broad Jump	Wilson	18 ft. 6 in.
Shot Put	Moeller	38 ft. 11½ in.
Long Dive	Wilson	14 ft. 7 in.
Relay (12 laps)		4:31

H. Guy Porter: "A man who could make so vile a pun, would not scruple to pick a pocket."

TENNIS TEAM

The tennis team of 1906 made a record that can be pointed to with pride. They lost two and won two in a series with the best team of the Decatur Lawn Tennis Association, while Sumners defeated in singles the best man in Decatur Association—also winning tournament held by Millikin. In the Second Class Tournament, Park Ritz won the pennant from George Owens.

This places our tennis teams upon a strong basis. The prospect this year is flattering—many new people being out to play tennis, and many games are scheduled.

The following gives results of matches and tournaments.

DOUBLES

Morrow and Rundell lost to Haines and Adams.
Wallace and Sumners won from Wood and Elder.
Wallace and Sumners lost to Haines and Wood.
Wallace and Rundell won from Haines and Adams.

SINGLES

Sumners won two sets out of three from Adams.

MILLIKIN TOURNAMENT

Wallace lost to Rundell.
Rundell lost to Sumners.
Morrow defaulted.

SECOND CLASS TOURNAMENT

Ritz won from Owens.

BASKET BALL TEAM

Millikin was represented this year by a basket ball team of good calibre, but owing to the bad conditions which existed for practice, it was hard to keep the men out, and consequently, the team work could not be brought up to standard. As a result, the two inter-collegiate games were lost by large scores. A few games were played with the Y. M. C. A. of Decatur, which were also lost.

RESULTS

Millikin	18
Lincoln	29
Millikin	21
Normal	37

PERSONEL OF THE TEAM

Name	Position	Years Exp.
Pease	Guard	Two
Ross	Forward	One
E. Ross	Forward	One
Benton (Captain)	Center	Two
Gearen	Guard	One
Ennis	Guard	Two

Charles Post: "Like the measles, love is most dangerous when it comes late in life."

VARSITY TEAM

MAUDE DE PUY. Gymnasium Director

SUB - VARSITY TEAM

ATHLETIC BENEFIT

HE Athletic Benefit, given by the Association on the night of March eighth, was one of the most successful things undertaken during the entire year in any department of the school. The play called "College Perplexities," with Joe Williamson in the role of the college man, "broke," Miss Daisy Payne as the whole soul college girl, Tommy Hollihan, "The Watchman" as the good friend of the boys, and many others woven into an interesting story and plot, was the work of local talent—Miss Daisy Payne, Miss Eugenia Allen and Mr. J. N. Ashmore, being the playwriters.

The staging was done by J. N. Ashmore and Edgar D. Morrow, and the costuming by Tom Folrath.

The main interest in the play was the experience of Jack Channing, the college man who is "broke." Complications in regard to dates he has to fill, bills he has to pay, and trips he has arranged to take, arise. His friends drop in and attempt to solace him. He falls out with them, his girl, his frat brothers, and the world in general, and has about decided life is hardly worth living, when he falls into a "bunch" of luck, and comes out all to the good.

The following is the cast:

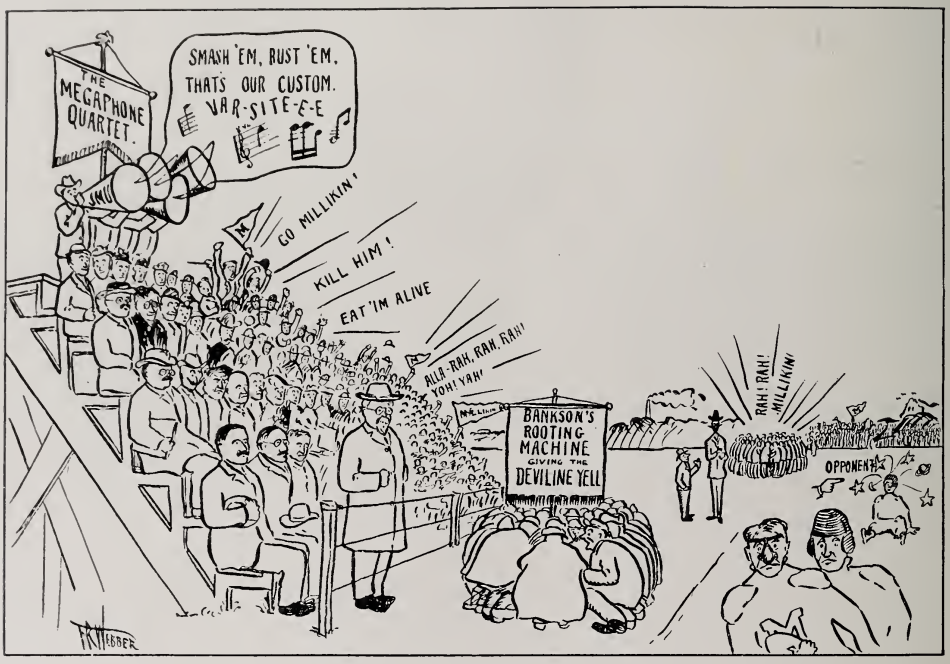
Jack Channing	Joe Williamson
Bob Burrows	James Wasem
Foot-ball men	Will Bell, Albert Moore, Fred Benton
Musicians	Oliphant, Mattes, Van Cleve, Owens, Magill, Sanson, Winters
Sports	Folrath, Cobb, Nugent, Brownback
Chaperone	Miss La Rue Neisler
Miss Dacres	Miss Daisy Payne
Friend of boys	Thomas Hollihan
Sissy Day	Harry Humphrey
Others	Morton, McDavid and Tige Powers

THE PROGRAM

Selection	Prexy's Quartette
Drill	Men's Gym Class
Tumbling Drill	Men's Gym Class
Drill	Ladies' Gym Class
'Cello Solo	Dr. Childs
Reading	Harry Humphrey
Solo	George Owens
Indian Club Drill	Verna Brooks
Tableaux	Athletes
Play	College Man's Perplexities

Minnie Redmon: "Of all things drollery is her sweetest spice."

CAPTAINS 06 - 07


THE MEGAPHONE QUARTET.
SMASH 'EM, RUST 'EM, THATS OUR CUSTOM. VAR-SITE-E-E
GO MILLIKIN!
KILL HIM!
EAT 'IM ALIVE
ALLA-RAH, RAH, RAH! YOH! YAH!
BANKSON'S ROOTING MACHINE GIVING THE DEVILINE YELL
RAH! RAH! MILLIKIN!
OPPONENT
FRWEBBER

THE MILLY-KINS

HE Katy-dids will argue
When the summer evening's still,
While gleaming fireflies dance and flit
About the lonely hill;
But 'tis on the sunny bleachers
That you see the cheerful grins,
And hear the strident clamor
Of the swarming Milly-kins.

"Oh, Milly **kin** go in and win,
What has been done can be agin!
On Milly all our faith we pin,
We bet our boots that Milly kin!"

The Katy-dids are clothed in green,
A tender, verdant hue;
The Milly-kins are somewhat green,
Though decked with white and blue;
So varied are their habits,
So original their sins,
Whole books could not do justice
To these yelling Milly-kins!

"Oh, Milly **kin** go in and win,
What has been done can be agin!
On Milly all our faith we pin,
We bet our boots that Milly kin!"

The Katy-dids are modest,
And seek out a hidden nook;
But the Milly-kins grow noisier
The more there are to look.
You need to hold your head on
When the megaphone begins,
And Bankson whoops the Sirene up!
—Just hear the Milly-kins!

"Oh, Milly **kin** go in and win
What has been done can be agin!
On Milly all our faith we pin,
We bet our boots that Milly kin!"

—Clara M. Baker, '08

Zink Sanders: "Much cry and little wool, as the devil said when he sheared his hogs."

FIRST PRIZE STORY

RODGERS & CLARK CONTEST

ALMOST HOME

OWN in the southern country there is a little winding railway that connects two widely parallel systems. Starting from the great trunk lines at C——, it passes in and out among the hills, skirts the level land along the rivers, touches at sleepy, old-fashioned villages, and, leisurely climbing the easy grades, arrives at last at G——, ready to take up the crumbs of traffic that fall to it from the well-filled table of the Piedmont Line. The trains on the C. & G. are small and mean, compared with the long aggregations of palace cars and sleep- with which they connect at G——, and their motion, individualized always by overtones of jolts and jars, seems more erratic still to one who has just resigned the smooth and steady rolling of the "East-bound Vestibuled." But to the old man who sat today in one of the cramped, uncomfortable coaches, watching the red, rain-washed hills glide past the narrow windows, defects were not apparent. Amid the rich upholstery and the plate-glass of the Piedmont sleeper that he had left at the station yonder, and among the preoccupied, business-like men and women that it contained, it had been as if he were still far away in a strange land; but here it was different.

For forty years little dingy cars like these had daily passed his door; for forty years, as occasion required, he had bought the little unchanging paste-board tickets of the line, and journeyed to and fro among the quiet villages that it serves. He could even remember when it was building, and what a stir there was when the first trains passed over it. How fine they thought the cars were, and how well he remembered the excursion that the people of his village took, for the pure pleasure of riding in them! He and Mary quarreled that day because of Sam White—they were young then, and unmarried—but they "made it up" before they got home; and that night, under the lilacs by her father's gate, she kissed him for the first time. He smiled now when he thought of how jealous he used to be of Sam. Poor Sam! For a long time a good neighbor, and now long since dead and gone.

Along this same road and in cars like these he and Mary had taken their wedding journey. How proud he was of her then, and how strong and happy and hopeful he was when they had returned and he had taken her home to the old house in the edge of the hills, where his father and his father's father had lived before him.

A plain, honest old house it was, like the plain, honest men and women that it sheltered; not at all to be compared to the houses of today, but good enough for Mary

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Casca Whitehouse: "Inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

and for him. There they had lived and loved and labored together, going on Saturdays into the village and on Sundays to the little church a short half-mile beyond; and there Tom had been born. It seemed hard to realize that all this was long ago; only, so much had happened since then. No lusty boy would come rushing to meet him today; the morning-glory vines were dead, no doubt, and the rocking-chair where she used to sit would be very still. . . . . The old man choked a little, and wiped his eyes with his cotton handkerchief.

Yes, he was getting home now; there was no doubt about that. He did not know the individual people who got on and off at the stations, but he knew their kind. Their very voices had a familiar sound, and no burring r's rasped his ears as they had back yonder.

He had not known what all this meant to him until he had left it—the careless, drawling speech, the fields, the birds, the trees, and the old gray house that stood beneath the oak trees at the edge of the hills.

But first Tom had gone away and married and become a great lawyer in the far-off western city; then Mary had grown tired and gone, too—to the little church yard, to wait until he came. And he had been lonely, and Tom had persuaded him; and he had thought that it would be better to go and live with Tom. So he had locked up the house—the furniture, his and hers, the old, worn-out rocker, and Tom's cradle, wasn't worth moving, Tom said—and had gone away with his son.

But it was all so strange in this new place, so little like he had pictured it. The broad stretch of prairie, with never a hill to break its monotonous level, the restless stir of the city, and this great man of whom he felt rather afraid, differed so from the broken country-side, the quiet life, and the boy riding the horses home from the plowing, or making whistles under the hickories in the woods-pasture.

He said nothing. They were kind to him, and he must not appear ungrateful; indeed, he was not. But it seemed to him that Tom's wife—his Tom's—should be sitting in Mary's place on the old porch, crooning to her babies, and listening, as Mary used to listen, to her husband's voice calling to his horses as they plowed in the corn-land.

Instead, a nurse tended the children, and Tom rode to his office in a carriage and talked of suits and non-suits and pleas and arguments, while his father, even with the whizzing of the trolleys in his ears, listened for the cow-bells and the field-cricket's chirping. So the old man was dazed, and when he thought of the little church yard and the gray graves beneath the trees, it seemed to him as if the Tom whom he had known were there too.

He would not admit, even to himself, that he wished to go back; but he grew so silent and white and still that presently a physician was called, who came, and went, but there was no change. How could the doctor know that his patient's heart was breaking because he could not see the red hills, an old, worn-out rocker, and a grave?

But the son, watching his father's wistful face, thought of many things, and his heart was touched. "Father," said he, "am I not your son? Tell me."

Kent Williamson: "There are knots in every skein."

And the old man answered humbly: "Tom, I am old, and getting childish, I think, but I want to go back. I've never lived anywhere else—before—and—and—she's there, Tom."

Then the lawyer, forgetting his cases, put his arms about his father's neck, and kissed him. "You shall go," he said, and went out quickly for his eyes were full, and he was ashamed.

But his father was happy, so happy that he was almost willing to stay, for he knew now that his son also remembered.

* * * * * * * * * * *

So today he was going home; back to the hills and the trees, back to his old house and his graves, back where she had left him to wait until she called—and the journey was almost done. The hurrying, rushing, busy life of the city was left behind; the drawling speech of his people was in his ears, and the beauty of the homeland was before his eyes. He rested his head on the back of his seat, and covered his face with his handkerchief. How good it all was!

The sunshine crept across the car, and the noise of voices grew lower and lower; a blue-bottle fly drummed monotonously against the window; the train lurched back and forth and whistled drowsily at the country crossings. And then, somehow, it was evening, and he was coming home down the long lanes between the fields. A dove was cooing in the woodland; the setting sun was kissing the hills goodnight, and the shadows stole out silently into the valleys. He could see the house, the green vines draping the gray old porches, and the yellow sunflowers nodding in the lawn. Over the hills came the tinkle of bells as the cows came home to the milking; here, running to meet him, was little Tom, the red stains of berries still marking his face and fingers; and there by the gate, the love-light as strong in her eyes as on the day they were married, stood Mary, the wife of his youth.

He went on quickly to meet her.

"I am late, sweetheart," he said, "and very tired. Have you grown weary of waiting?"

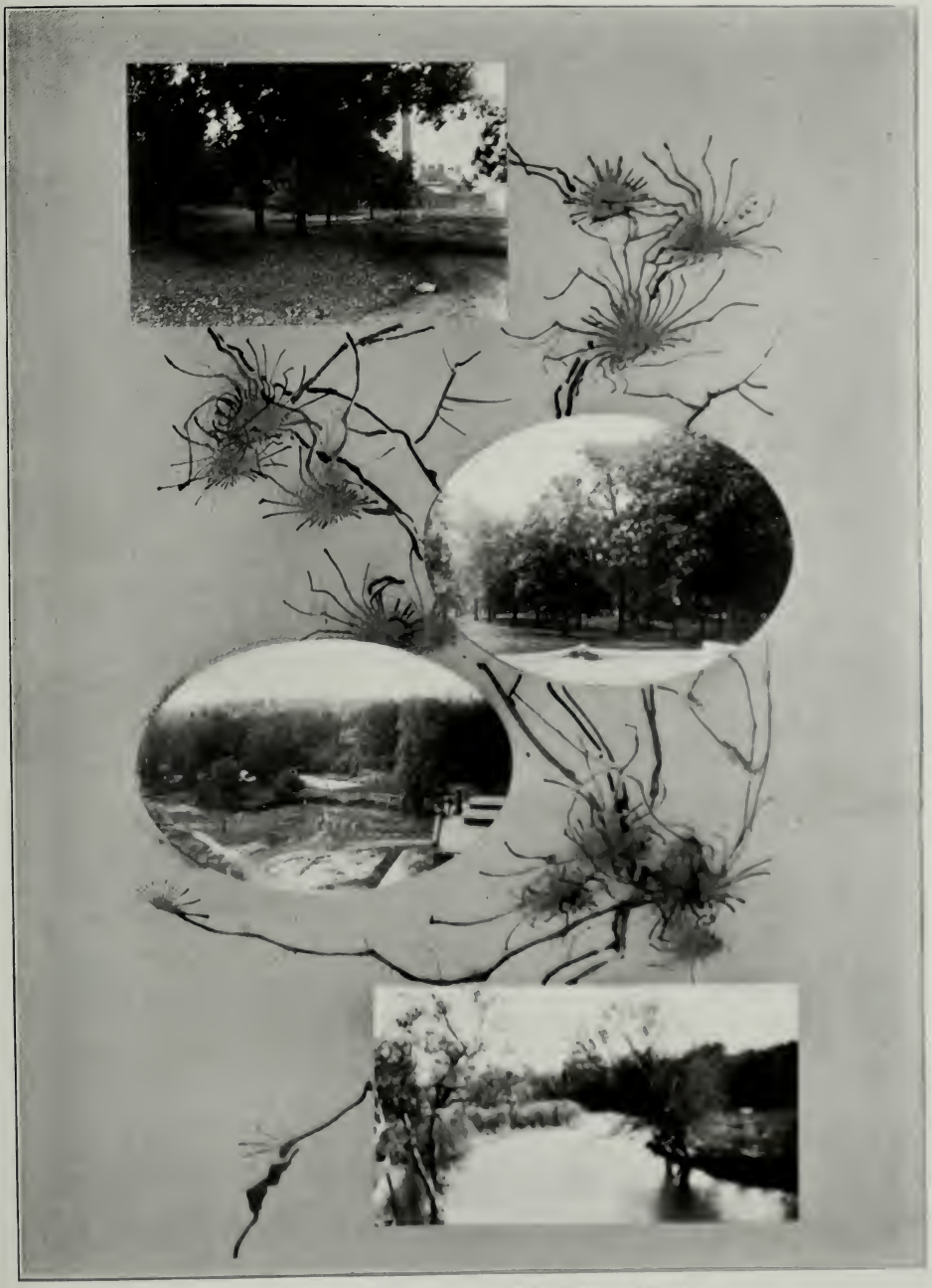
It was strange how tired he was!

She put her cool hand up to his face and drew it down to hers. "Come," she said, "you can rest now. It is only a step more," and—a long, quavering sigh of relief—and—he was at home.

And the little rough train went jolting along, and reached his station at last. But when the conductor shook him, he did not answer.

—Ray Turner.

Edgar Witzemann: "All the great men are dying, and I don't feel very well."



ON THE CAMPUS
TENNIS COURTS

EAST ENTRANCE
ON THE SANGAMON

FIRST PRIZE STORY

INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST

IN OLD ST. PIERRE

ITHOUT, the storm beat upon the windows and rattled fiercely at the casements. Within, the lamp burned low, and cast a dim, uncertain light over the narrow cot. A fresh gust shook the house. And with the gust, as when a light flares in a sudden draught, the feverish glow flamed up in the wan child-face. Firm and clear, cutting the undertone of howling wind and dashing rain, the voice babbled on and on, while the burning, hungry eyes never left the gleaming window. "Ah Madrèe—the sun's so warm, and I'm so tired. Let's find a cool place now and rest. See—the brooks and shade and bridges down the valley, how dark and cool! And, Oh Madrèe, just hear the bells—the cattle coming down from pasture. How far the shadows stretch from every hill! And the singing down there in the wheat fields. Sit here, Madrèe, and listen—hush and listen!"

The feverish hands were clasped, the eager eyes still looked unseeingly into the dark night beyond the window. She sighed with the beauty of her picture, and prattled softly to Madrèe.

The doctor stood motionless, until the nervous tossing ceased, and the thin little hands lay quiet on the cover. The medicine had done its work: she was asleep.

There was a long silence, broken only by the sudden driving blasts of storm. The doctor did not move, nor turn his head.

"Where did they find her?"

"I do not know. She was sent up to us yesterday, and has been delirious ever since. I think she has been at the Home but a short time."

"Exposure and starvation have about done their work. Who is Madrèe?"

"I don't know, sir. She talks of her constantly."

"What is her name?" jerking his thumb toward the bed.

"Nacole."

"An odd name." He laid his watch on the table, turned up the light, and stood, arms folded, near the cot.

Fifteen minutes passed, ticked briskly into the silence by the upturned dial face. Then the tossing and talking began again, became incessant.

"Yes, Madrèe," she laughed, "your chain is longer; but see, the daisies are prettier in my hair." And she swept back the soft bright mass from her forehead, and murmured off to sleep again.

Deborah Akers: "Man wants but little here below; a woman less—she but wants a man."

The doctor stood for a time in deep abstraction. The child sobbed in her sleep. He bent toward her quickly.

"Margaret, Margaret!" he whispered; and turning suddenly away, he left the room.

Little Nacole was better in the morning; she gazed about the room with weary indifference. She was not in the Home; she was not in the street; where was she? It did not matter. She turned her face to the window, with its little patch of blue sky, clouded at times with smoke from the great factories, and traced the gold of the sunbeams and the shadow of the smoke upon the white counterpane. She smiled to herself at times, but her face never lost its sadness, though her eyes were sweet and patient with a pathos which even her rare laugh could not displace.

She talked but little; of herself, none. Often, for long hours, she was wandering in her beloved hills and woodlands with Madrèe; often she was laughing and romping among the reapers in the wheat fields, or wading, knee-deep, in some cool stream, ever with Madrèe. And when she came back from the world of fancy she would lie quiet, her eyes on the pitifully small square of sky.

The little life seemed ebbing away; that she was dying more of heart-ache than of disease the doctor felt sure. On the evening of the eleventh day she was decidedly weaker. All day she had been roaming the Canadian hills and valleys, and in the early dusk she lay, weak and silent, but conscious. In the deepening gloom the doctor entered. Her eyes were drinking in the last glow of color in her little rift of blue. In the soft twilight the sweet, white face bore the semblance of an angel.

"Margaret." The name escaped him before he was aware. Nacole turned toward him, wonderingly.

"Margaret?" she repeated, gently. "Who is Margaret?"

"She was my little girl. She's gone, Nacole."

"Ah, with Madrèe. I wonder if she knows Madrèe? Oh," she cried fiercely, "I wish that I were with Madrèe and she were here. I want Madrèe, the sun—the flowers—and you want Margaret. I shall find her—I shall tell her. I want the fields—the flowers" and, to the doctor's dismay, she slipped once more into the great void of her dreams.

From this day the great problem of the doctor's life was to find out the story of Madrèe. His had been a life of sorrows; when he was left alone to care for his little motherless girl, love had centerd solely around her. But when, a few years later, she too was taken from him, his strong heart had broken, and since that day the gruff, stern doctor had sought to bury his grief in hard work in the charity hospitals of New York.

Little Nacole had slipped into his empty heart, and he had grown to love her as his own. Her face, her hair, her eyes, her voice—all so like Margaret! Through the long hours of despair and hopelessness, he worked at her bedside with untiring vigilance. Surely God would have mercy; he would not take her, too.

Little by little he learned the story of Madrèe, of how they had come to New York three years before "to get more wages."

"There were just the two of us. I can't remember la père and la mère, but Madrèe could. We were so happy, before we got poor. But Madrèe sewed too hard, and took the cough, and then one night, she died—two years ago. And the next day the

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Erma Anderson: "Angels are painted fair to look like you."

landlord turned me out." She told of the long months, bound out to the landlord's sister, who sewed coats. Of how, eight weeks before, she had run away. Since then it had been so hard—no place to sleep, sometimes, nothing to eat. "And all this time I've hunted for Madrèe. There is no stone; where did they put her? I must take her back to old St. Pierre, with la père and la mère; there's room in old St. Pierre for Madrèe—and for me. Where did they put her?" Her dark eyes looked up appealingly. The doctor held her close.

"Nacole," he whispered, "I'll find her, and we'll take her back to old St. Pierre together, you and I. And then, don't stay in old St. Pierre, Nacole, but stay with me, for Margaret's sake."

* * * * * * * * * * *

The search had been a long and weary one. But the nameless grave had at last been identified. And when Nacole reached St. Pierre, she found a new mound beside la père and la mère, in the village churchyard.

All through the simple memorial service she knelt, mute and motionless, at the altar. The glory of the sunset fell upon her through the chancel window; bathing her face and hair with gold, her white dress in soft, warm purple. The old gray priest—the Father Francis, who had known la père and la mère and Madrèe—prayed in a broken voice, while the great tears dropped upon his Bible. The singing of the choir boys in the entry grew fainter, and softly died away. The doctor stood at an open window; save for these three the silent church was empty. He gazed out upon Nacole's beloved hills. Above them the last glow of sunset yet smouldered, and the evening star hung low, like a pale taper-light.

Hark!—What was that? The reapers, singing their way from the wheat fields; the cattle coming down from pasture; the music of the old, glad days!

Nacole started up, her rapturous face still flooded by the golden light, her white dress still stained by the purple. One hand clung to the altar; the other she stretched through the purple mist toward the doctor—the only father she had ever known.

"La père—Margaret's la père,—the singing,—I think it is the angels. Oh, I thank you! and I would stay with you, for Margaret's sake—but oh, Madrèe would be so lonely for me, out under the stars—"

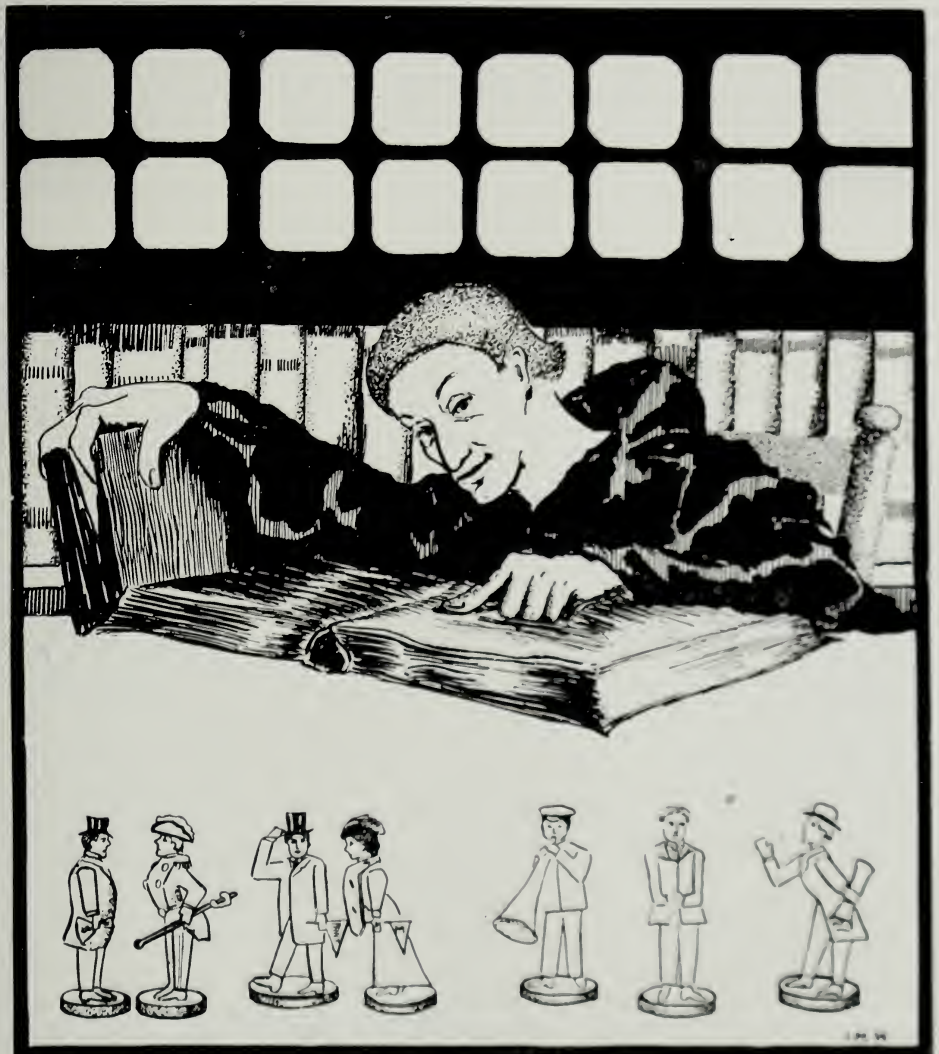
* * * * * * * * * * *

And Nacole stayed in old St. Pierre.

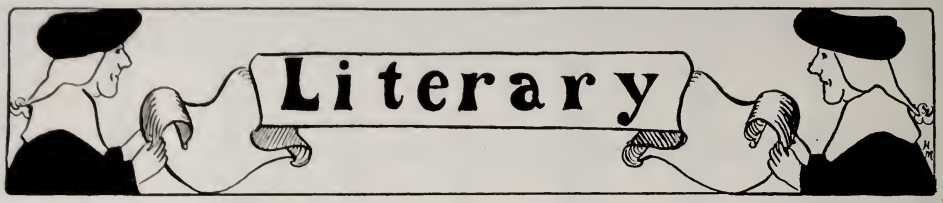
AFTER RAIN

Ghostly white the lilies, through the misty gloom,
Sway on languid breezes, laden with perfume;
Fitful lightning flashes quiver through the sky,
Yet above the shifting clouds the placid stars shine high.
Beneath the rain-wet foliage a single cricket trills;
A breath of haunting melody through all the darkness thrills.
Borne from dripping tree-tops in a silver-sweet refrain,
A whispering, liquid murmur, after-music of the rain.

Ruth Bicknell: "She is herself of best things the collection."



ORGANIZATIONS



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Colors: Red and White. Flower: Red Carnation.

OFFICERS

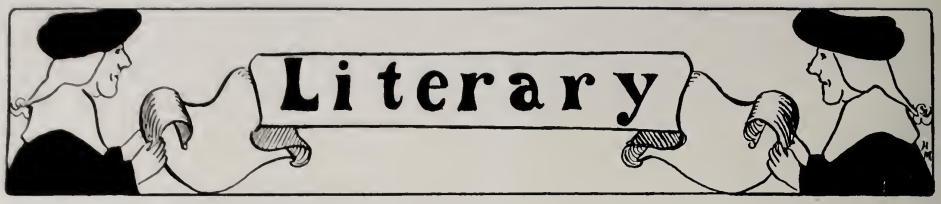
President	Hiram Shumway
Vice President	William Banfill
Recording Secretary	Bertha McClelland
Corresponding Secretary	Ethel Rogers
Treasurer	Gary Hudson
Prosecuting Attorney	William Bell
Chaplain	Julius Wittenbraken
Critic	Isabel Bumgarner
Marshals	Irma Bumgarner, Walter Isaacs

MEMBERS

Ellis Bankson
Bonnie Blackburn
William Banfill
William Bell
Ora Bellamy
Isabel Bumgarner
Ethel Bumgarner
Irma Bumgarner
Junius Dappert
Olive Eiler
Harold Hampton
Gary Hudson
Walter Isaacs
Ethel Kirk
Jessie Lichtenberger
Bertha McClelland
Edgar Morrow
Mae Neely
Ray Oliphant
Charles H. Post
Ethel Rogers
Augustine Southworth
Joe Southworth
Irene Staley
Leoti Swearingen
Hiram Shumway
Ray Turner
Earl Winters
Julius Wittenbraker

Helen Bishop: "Either to die or to adjure forever the society of men."

15



ORLANDIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

1906-'07

Motto, "Non quis, sed quid."
Color, Old Gold.
Flower, Marguerite.

OFFICERS

President	Frank Sheffler
Vice-president	E. Starr Cole
Clerk	Helen Mills
Corresponding Secretary	Clarence Flagel
Treasurer	Guy Porter
Critic	Harry Humphrey
Librarian	Edgar Witzemann
Prosecuting Attorney	Laurence Sears
Chaplain	John Lyons
Marshals	Minnie Hamilton, George Owens

MEMBERS, 1906-'07

Bone, Keach	Magill, Anna	Ketch, Helen
Boyd, Loretta	Magill, Ansel	Neidermeyer, Esther
Cole, Starr	Mattes, Carleton	Hamilton, Lena
Donaldson, Georgia	McDavid, Horace	Davis, Sophia
Ewing, George	Mills, Judith	Dickey, Lula
Glover, Mame	Montgomery, Dwight	Gearan, W. K.
Hostetler, Zella	Ross, Verne	McGrath, Philip Henry
Hartwig, Charles	Ross, Edward	Allison, Georgia
Hyde, Chester	Taylor, Clara	Ross, Flora
Lamb, Lottie		

ALUMNI MEMBERS

Boyd, Anne	Emporia, Kansas
Moses, J. D.	Emporia, Kansas
Record, Charles	New York
Yanders, Ethel	Lovington, Illinois

Bonnie Blackburn: "She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on."

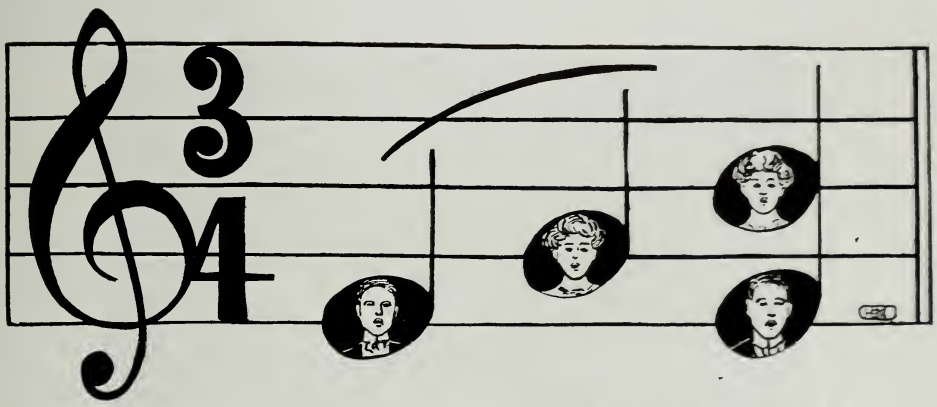
Y. M. C. A. CABINET

President	John Lyons
Vice President	Charles Hartwig
Secretary	James Lively
Treasurer	Frank Sheffler
Religious Chairman	George Owens
Social Chairman	J. Russell McDavid
Membership Chairman	E. Starr Cole
Missionary Chairman	Julius Wittenbraker
Bible Study	Willard Gearen
House Manager	Alex Long

Alice Bone: "Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth—that shuns too strong a light."

Y. W. C. A. CABINET

President	Ethel Bumgarner
Vice President	Alice Bone
Secretary	Erma Anderson
Treasurer	Katherine Trautman
Social Chairman	Daisy Payne
Missionary Chairman	Isabel Bumgarner
Religious Chairman	Mary Poor
Inter-collegiate Chairman	Jessie Lichtenberger
Music Chairman	Helen Mills

Verna Brooks: "Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart."

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

President	Judith Mills
Secretary	Ethel Bumgarner
Treasurer	Caroline Carr
Librarian	Anna Magill
Director	Miss Leafbourg
Accompanist	Nellie Gebhart

First Soprano

Olive French
Fay McAdams
Anna Magill
Ethel Bumgarner
Ida Diller
Caroline Carr
Alice Berry
Ada Munch

Second Soprano

Mary Heminway
Golda Killion
Elizabeth Lemon
Bessie Porter
Edith Schenck

Second Alto

Judith Mills
Helen Mills
Alice Bone

First Alto

Daisy Payne
LaRue Neisler
Mary Elder
Winnie Davidson
Lenora Walker

MEN'S GLEE CLUB

President	Arthur Van Cleve
Secretary and Treasurer	Ellis Bankson
Business Manager	Ray Oliphant

First Tenor

Earl Bryant
Arthur Van Cleve

First Bass

George Owens
John Lyons
Clifford Miller
Gary Hudson
Howard Bone

Second Tenor

Horace McDavid
A. O. Magill
Everett Hodge
Ellis Bankson

Second Bass

Ray Oliphant
Otis Hill
Elmer Lyons
Harold Mills
Cecil Cox

Irma Bumgarner: "It's such a serious thing to be a funny girl"

RECEPTION ROOM

PREXY'S QUARTETTE

CARLETON MATTES

ARTHUR VAN CLEVE GEORGE OWENS

RAY OLIPHANT

HARRY W. HUMPHREY, Reader

PREXY'S QUARTET

PREXY'S QUARTET has been in existence two years. It was first a Literary Society Quartet, formed for the pleasure of quartet singing. It was soon called Prexy's Quartet in honor of President Taylor. The members of the original quartet were Mr. Chas. Record, first tenor; Mr. Carleton Mattes, second tenor; Mr. Geo. Owens, first bass, and Mr. Frank Hunter, second bass. Mr. Arthur Van Cleve and Mr. Ray Oliphant have taken the places of Mr. Record and Mr. Hunter. This year the quartet decided to form a concert company, and Mr. Harry Humphrey was added as a Reader and Impersonator. Mr. Arthur Van Cleve, pianist, and Mr. Carleton Mattes, violinist, furnish the instrumental part of the program.

Mr. Geo. Owens was chosen director, and Mr. Mattes manager. A circular was sent through Central Illinois, and as a result the company has been quite successful in out of town concerts.

It is the hope of the present members to make Prexy's Quartet a permanent organization in the school. In years to come, when they have graduated, they hope there will still be a Prexy's Quartet in J. M. U. Mr. Oliphant, who graduates this year, will be succeeded by Mr. Otis Hill.

E. Starr Cole: "We are wrong always when we think too much
Of what we think, or are."

SCHOOL OF MUSIC ORCHESTRA

EDSON W. MORPHY, Conductor

Violins:

Olga Keck
Bertha Trautman
Caroline Powers
Helen Mills
Walter Oehler
Margaret McNabb
Mary Hemenway
Ruth Lavery
Beatrice McConnell
Bernard Spaeth
Leta Seeforth
Thelma Given

Viola:

Ellis Hudson

Cello:

James Dickey*

Bass:

Bert Dickson

Flute:

Marie Spaeth

Clarinets:

Joseph Spaeth
Ray Ponder

Cornets:

Arthur Mattes
Harry Sprague

Horns:

John McLean
Ernest Davis

Trombone:

Clyde Threlkeld

Tuba:

John Davidson

Piano:

Hazel Kennedy

*Member of the Faculty.

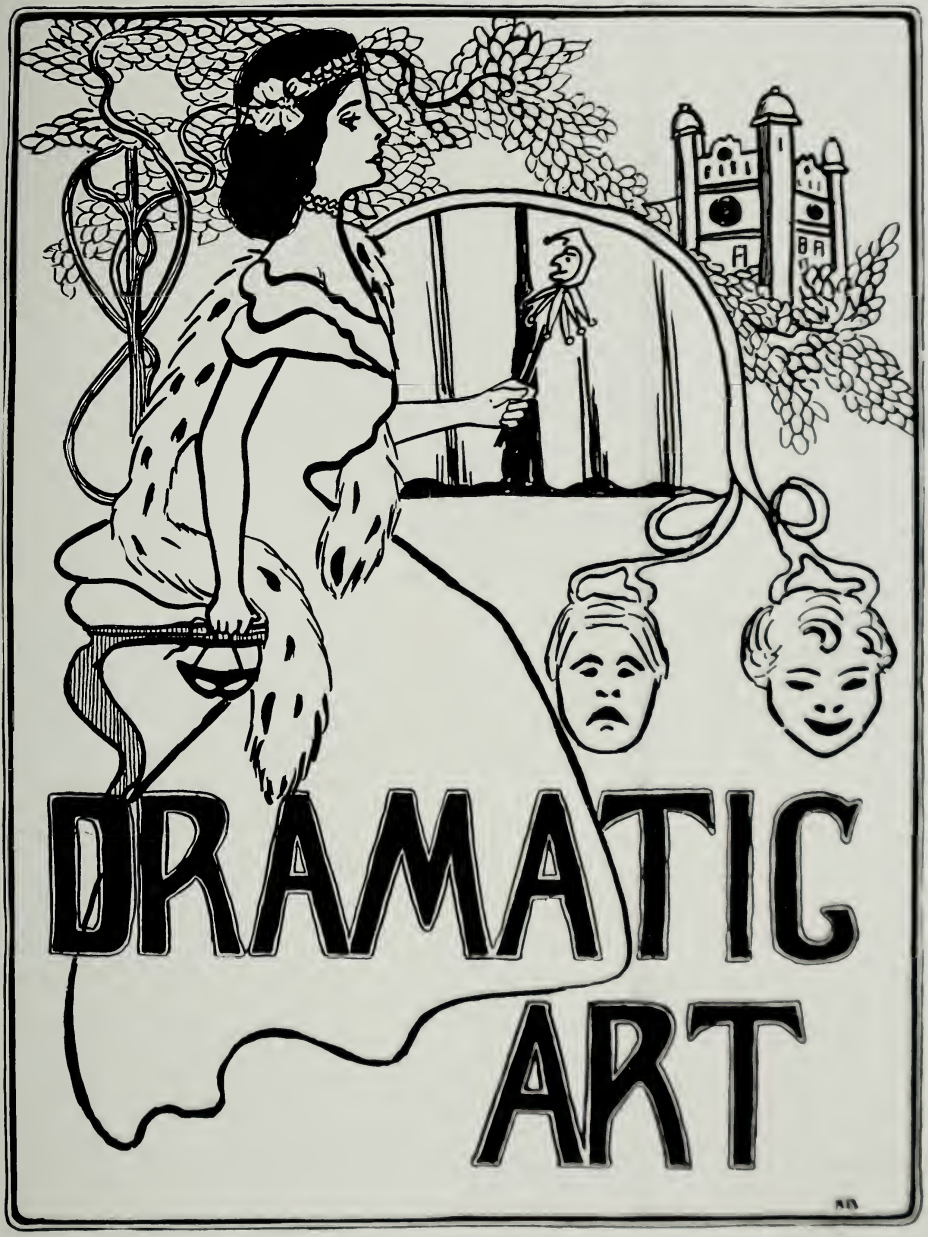
Lulu DeGroat: "And I did inflict upon them most perniciously their little sins."

UNIVERSITY BAND

Edson W. Morphy	Director
John McLean	Solo Cornet
Arthur Mattes	Cornet
Harry Sprague	Cornet
Bert Dickson	Cornet
Dr. Woodruff	Cornet
Jacob Kirk	Alto
Ernest Davis	Alto
Ray Ponder	First Clarinet
Burrwell Million	Clarinet
Keach Bone	Clarinet
John Davidson	Bass
Howard Bone	Baritone
Harry Baxter	Trombone
Adolph Schlick	Drummer

George Ewing: "He did nothing in particular and did it well."

JAMES
MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY
BATTALION


DRAMATIC
ART

DRAMATIC ART

President	Harry Humphrey
Secretary	Daisy Payne
Stage Manager	Horace McDavid
Treasurer	E. Starr Cole

MEMBERS

Harry Humphrey
Horace McDavid
Starr Cole
Edgar Morrow
Ray Oliphant
Letha Patterson
Daisy Payne
La Rue Neisler
Georgia Allison
Elizabeth Colegrove

Bertha Eaton: "She loves not many words."

CAST OF TWELFTH NIGHT

Orsino	John Lyons
Sebastian	Earl Winters
Antonio	Casca Whitehouse
Sea Captain	Horace McDavid
Valentine	Louis Baker
Curio	Burr Million
Sir Toby Belch	William Banfill
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Starr Cole
Malvolio	Harry Humphrey
Feste, a Clown	Arthur Van Cleve
Fabian	Ray Oliphant
Olivia	La Rue Neisler
Viola	Letha Patterson
Maria	Georgia Allison
Priest	Chas. Hartwig
Sailors	Ward Bricker James Wasem
Musicians	Chas. Post Norman Sansom
Officers	Hiram Shumway Hubert Davenport

COM-FIN CLUB

THE COMMERCE AND FINANCE ASSOCIATION

THIS Association was formerly called the "Com-Fin Club." By the wish of the members it was changed to the present name. This body of Commerce and Finance men has rapidly increased from twelve to twenty-nine members. This year we will have three graduates: Mr. J. Arthur Moore, Mr. Chas. Post, and Mr. Orris Bennett. The meetings of the club have been a source of great pleasure to the members. The annual banquet was given at the home of Professor Wm. C. Stevenson Jan. 1, 1907. It was a very pleasant event.

OFFICERS, 1907

Mr. J. Arthur Moore — Ventral Fin.
Mr. Hiram Shumway — Caudal Fin.
Mr. Carleton Mattes — Dorsal Fin.
Mr. James Wasem — Second Dorsal Fin.

Seniors.

Orris Bennett
Edgar D. Morrow
J. Arthur Moore
Horace McDavid
Kent Williamson
Chas. Post
C. B. Whitehouse

Juniors.

Eugene S. Cole
C. H. Hoggatt
Hiram Shumway
Norman J. Sansom
George Ewing

Sophomores.

Carleton F. Mattes
Wm. H. Bell
George A. Gilman
Ewing Wilson

Absent.

James D. Moses
Hazelton Daniels
Ray R. McGaughey
Masuji Matsumoto
Doy Romine
Don Lehman

Freshmen.

Cecil Cox
Clarence Flagel
Roy Hamilton
Harold Hampton
Everett Hodge
Chester Hyde
J. Russel McDavid
Edward W. Ross
James Wasem
Earl Winters
James L. Nugent

Faculty.

Prof. William C. Stevenson
Prof. Albert T. Mills
Prof. D. Walter Morton

The Commerce and Finance Association has pursued a line of study during the current year and has organized the former students, who are now in the field, for the purpose of keeping up their interest in the School of Commerce and Finance and thus to receive their help in securing new students.

Frances Fell: "Begone, dull Care, thou and I shall never agree."

"He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper."—Burke. It is doubtful whether any school attained so early in its history a position equal to the one Millikin now holds in debate. The debates have been of general interest to the students. The subjects have been of national importance. The Club is especially well pleased with the efforts of the new members. We have some young men whose promise for the future is good. Our plan of having two or three men—one at least an old member—on each side, with the privilege of refutation by all, has proved successful. It has led to better preparation on the part of the speakers, and has helped them to cultivate the power to speak extemporaneously.

Last year, at the initiative of Illinois Wesleyan University, the Central Illinois Debate League was formed, comprising the above named school and the James Millikin University. The object as stated in the constitution is to foster interest in debate, and prepare young men to take an active part in the discussion of the political, social, and economic questions of their country. It is thought that the object is a noble and worthy one. The first debate held under the agreement took place in Amie Chapel, Bloomington, on April 13, 1906. The question was:

"Resolved: That Congress should establish a Commission with power to fix freight rates, such rates to go into effect at once, subject to review by the Supreme Court of the U. S."

Negative:		Affirmative:	
E. Starr Cole	Orris Bennett	A. B. Wright	Frank Powell
Horace W. McDavid	H. Guy Porter, alternate	Robert Cummins	Oscar Stewart, alternate

Decision: Millikin, 1; Wesleyan, 2.

The second contest is described on the opposite page. It has been found desirable to ask a third school to enter the League. It is hoped that plans will be completed by the opening of the school year in September.

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS

E. Starr Cole — President — Hiram M. Shumway — Secretary

Wm. Banfill	Chester Hyde	Carleton Mattes	Russell McDavid
Oscar Drysdale	Harold Hampton	H. Guy Porter	John Lyons
Clarence Flegel	James Lively	Charles Post	Arthur Van Cleve
	Arthur Moore	Frank Sheffler	

Cyrus H. Hoggatt: "Give him credit—he is a self-made man, and he adores his maker."

MILLIKIN TEAM—MILLIKIN-WESLEYAN DEBATE

MILLIKIN-WESLEYAN DEBATE

The second annual contest was held in J. M. U. Assembly Hall, Decatur, on April 5, 1907.

Resolved: That the United States should subsidize its Merchant Marine."

WESLEYAN	MILLIKIN
Affirmative	**Negative**
Robert Cummins	Russell McDavid
Ed Imboden	James Lively
A. A. Heinlein	John Lyons
Hirarm Yerkes, alternate	E. Starr Cole, alternate

Decision: Millikin 1; Wesleyan 2

MILLIKIN-MISSOURI VALLEY DEBATE

This contest was held in Marshall, Mo., on Thursday evening, May 16, 1907.

Resolved: That the United States should subsidize its Merchant Marine."

MILLIKIN	MISSOURI VALLEY
Affirmative	**Negative**
H. Guy Porter	James Willingham
Frank Sheffler	J. Bourne Mitchell
E. Starr Cole	R. Excell Fry

Decision: Millikin 1; Missouri Valley 2

MILLIKIN TEAM—MILLIKIN-MISSOURI VALLEY DEBATE

Engineering Club

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY

DURING the latter part of last year, the junior engineers, through the assistance and encouragement of Professor Gill, organized a society of the junior and senior engineers of the school, in order to keep in closer touch with the engineering projects of the day, and to purchase books and supplies through the business manager. The first function of the society was a farewell in the form of an automobile ride and supper given to Professor Gill. This was followed by ice cream and cake, given by the Professor at his home. Here toasts were given, and regrets of the parting expressed. The society, in connection with the journal reading class, meets once a week and discusses the principal articles in the engineering periodicals.

As an extra feature, a paper or talk upon some engineering subject is frequently given by one of the members, one of the Professors, or occasionally by an outsider.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR

President	Dappert
Vice President	Tanner
Secretary	Oliphant
Business Manager	Bankson

J. Ray Kirk: "He was short and stout and round about
And zealous as could be."

OFFICERS

President	Maurice Sly
Vice President	Flora Ross
Secretary	Alice Drobisch
Treasurer	Dwight Montgomery
Executive Committee:	
	Officers, Frank Sheffler, Henrietta Hancock

MEMBERS

Mabel Carpenter
Maude Carter
Blanche Collier
Louise Guernsey
Reva Keagle
Archie McIntosh
Cecil McReynolds
Irwin Dudley
Lulu Dickey
Anna Hoots
Oneta Rawlings
Laurel Culp
Paul Welch
Frank Sheffler
Cecil Cox
Caroline Lutz

Bonnie Blackburn
Isabel Bumgarner
Elsa Olsen
Henrietta Hancock
Dwight Montgomery
Maurice Sly
Flora Ross
Hope Finfrock
Alice Finfrock
Edlyn Sleeter
Earl Winters
Alice Dempsey
Sadie Beadles
Anna Vetterlied
Alice Drobisch
Anna Roberts

Lottie Lamb: "A tender heart, a will inflexible."

DECATURIAN STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	Harry Humphrey
Business Manager	Orris Bennett
Literary Editor	Daisy Payne
Exchanges	Isabel Bumgarner
Locals	Bonnie Blackburn
Y. W. C. A.	Lula Laughlin
Y. M. C. A.	George Owens
Domestic Science	Clara Baker
Commerce and Finance	Hiram Shumway
Orlandian	Keach Bone
Philomathean	Jessie Lichtenberger
Engineering	Bert Padon
Athletics	Edgar Morrow

Ansel Magill: "When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself: 'Surely mortal man is a broomstick.'"

The Decaturia

Published the middle of each month dur
year by the students and Faculty of the
and Industrial School of the JAMES MILLIK
Terms by the year 75c, or a single
Matter for publication should go to the

HARRY N HUMPHREY,
ORRIS BENNETT

terrific, but the attack was unsuccessful. and again the offense rallied, but each driven back by the freshmen who d them by some ten men.

ins were used by the sophomores lly a man would reach the tree, ulled down by the freshmen. t was on the senior girls cheerites, the sophomores, and the pplaud orites. the

Flower Shower.

On October sixteenth President Ta surprised with a "flower shower from the student body and facu minder of his sixtieth birthda third wedding anniversary. A lamp had been purchased by placed on his chapel table, for w very appropriate speech of ac

At the signal the dismiss entire stu ed the ros classm ing a the of to fr W pe est

Th nett, Bell, C rey as

We are truly

of respect school

attendance among the colleges and univerin the state. And many of those instithich are ranked below us produce an her than a biannual; and "it is up to this question serious thought and ke consideration.

A Text Book.

ms of ZoolDr. T. W. the Uni- 400 s and work rest- pon the of eds, mat- basis 240 in

...mitory.

...building ... hall at the ...taken up ... give ... pm

... Mrs ... ate is As ... with ... the ... lely

FIRST PRIZE POEM

MILLIDEK POEM CONTEST

LOVE'S CONQUEST

N the country of the Southland,
Far beyond the Southern Ocean,
Where the sun shines always, ever,
Where the winter's storms ne'er gather,
Where is only sky, and sunshine—
Lifts a rock its mighty summit,
Wraps its head in filmy white clouds,
Drifting, floating o'er the valley.

Round the rock, the fair green valley,
In the distance far, the mountains,
And about them all, the springtime,
Only never fading springtime.

On the rock there dwelt a people,
Dwelt a stern and rugged people,
Fearing not the foes about them,
Fearing not, but feared and dreaded,
Hostile, dreadful, to the nations
Dwelling in the sunny Southland.

On the rock they knew no danger,
Feared no foemen, dwelt there safely,
In the "City of the Cloudlands,"
With no path down to the valley
But the "Path of the Great Father."

On a bright and sunny morning,
In the valley of La Vaca,
Came the tramp of many soldiers,
Gleamed the brightness of their armor—
Sought they islands for their monarch,
Islands rich in golden metal,
Springs of water, never failing,
Making men forever youthful,

Dan Moeller: "The Unspeakable Turk."

Strong and sturdy as when young men,
Freeing them from all the weakness
Of a person in life's waning.
And they conquered for their monarch
All the sunny peaceful valley,
All the valley of La Vaca
Save the "City of the Cloudlands."

Toward the mountain came the army,
Toward the "Path of the Great Father,"
Toward the fortress grim and mighty,
Sought to take it for their sovereign.

To the defile in the mountain,
To the pathway leading downward,
Swiftly came the mighty warriors,
Guarding homes and little children,
Braving those who sought admission
To the city of Quiere—
Drove them backwards,
Drove them downwards,
Down the "Path of the Great Father,"
To the valley of La Vaca.

On the west side of the village
Rose the rock high in the Cloudland,
And by mighty earthquake riven,
Broken from the lofty summit,
With a deep gorge intervening,
Rose a peak above the village,
To the rock's high top, the white men
Clambered, scrambled up the mountain,
Peered they downward to the village,
Saw the children running, playing,
Saw the village all rejoicing
That the foemen had been vanquished,
Had retreated from the Cloudland.

Toward them were the children running,
Toward the white men watching, waiting,
Toward the deep ravine so dangerous—
On they ran, and near its margin,
Slipped and fell a little maiden,
Slipped and fell into the crevice—
Down and down—a small projection
Caught the child as she was falling,
Caught her, saved her from the danger.

Bill Nein: "Roosevelt smiles like me!"

Then a white man climbing downward,
Reached the child, and gently held her,
Paused a moment, held her firmly,
Then began the toilsome climbing
Upward, upward to the sunlight,
And the free air of the morning.

To the top he climbed in safety,
Then began again his toiling,
To the green and peaceful valley,
To the valley of La Vaca.
And while then the people watched him,
Watched to see him slay their loved one,
Watched and trembled for her safety—
Up the path the white man journeyed,
Up the pathway to the Cloudland,
Up the "Path of the Great Father,"
So they call it in his honor,
Though before, it knew no title.
Up the path he bore his burden,
Carried her, the little maiden,
Hurt and wounded by her falling—
Bore her gently, bore her safely,
To the loving ones who hastened,
Ran to meet him in the pathway,
Bid him welcome to their city.
There they brought him to the chieftain,
And by signs, in lieu of language,
Honored, welcomed him most gladly.
For they saw he did not wrong them,
Had not shown revenge or hatred,
Only gentleness and mercy.

Then they loved him when they knew him,
And he taught them, ere he left them,
Taught them that the white man can be,
Though he is not always, gentle,
Can be gentle and be truthful.

Long he lived among the people,
Taught them wisdom, learned to love them,
And with childlike, simple manners
Taught the people how to trust him.

Then returned he to his country,
To his country and his monarch,
And the friends who watched and waited

Anna Magill: "When love's fever becomes too fitful, administer ice freely."

For the conqueror of the Westland.
And the people in the Cloudland
Tell their children of the white man—
How he saved the little maiden,
How he bore her up the mountain,
Risked his life to save their loved one.
And the children love his memory,
Love the memory of the white man—
Dim and dreamy in the distance,
In the past so deeply buried
By the ceaseless flow of ages.
And the old men now are watching,
Waiting for the voice to call them,
Bidding them to leave the Cloudland.
For they long to leave the Cloudland
With its bright and sunny climate,
For a land much brighter, fairer,
Without night and without warfare—
For a land where only love is.

—E. Hope Finfrock, '07.

CHEMISTRY I

Sing a song of chemistry,
  Freshmen in a row;
Doc in front a-lecturing
  Fast as he can go.
Montgomery's asking questions
  With indulgent air,
Hyde is tweaking handfuls
  Out of Hudson's hair;
All the rest are dreaming,
  In abstraction sunk—
Suddenly Doc springs a quiz,
  —Ought to see us flunk!

—C. M. B.

Miss Stone: "A veritable rainbow, my friends."

FIRST PRIZE STORY

MILLIDEK STORY CONTEST

ERIC HERMANNSON'S SOUL

IT was a great night at the Lone Star schoolhouse—a night when the Spirit was present with power and when God was very near to man. So it seemed to Asa Skinner, servant of God and Free-Gospeller. The room was filled with the saved and sanctified, strong men and robust women trembling and quailing before the power of some mysterious psychic force. Here and there among the cowering, sweating crowd was crouching some poor wretch, who had felt the pangs of an awakened conscience, but had not yet experienced that complete divestment of reason, that frenzy born of a convulsion of the mind, which, in the parlance of the Free-Gospellers, is termed "the Light." On the floor by the mourner's bench lay the stiffened figure of a man in whom outraged nature had sought its last resort, in that "trance" state which is regarded among the Free-Gospellers as the highest evidence of grace and of close walking with God.

Before the desk stood Asa Skinner, shouting of the mercy and vengeance of God; and in his eyes shone a terrible earnestness, an almost prophetic flame. Asa was a converted train-robber who used to run between Omaha and Denver. He was a man made for the extremities of life; from the most debauched of men, he had become the most ascetic. His bestial, coarse-featured face was now seamed and furrowed and pale from many a vigil. It was as though, after Nature had done her worst with that face, some fine chisel had gone over it, chastening and almost transfiguring it.

Never had Asa Skinner spoken more earnestly than now. He felt that tonight the Lord had a special work for him to do. For Eric Hermannson, the wildest lad on all the Divide, sat in the audience with his fiddle on his knee, as he had dropped in on his way to play for a dance. The violin is an object of special abhorrence to the Free-Gospellers. Their antagonism to the church organ is bitter enough, but the fiddle they regard as a very incarnation of evil desires, singing forever of worldly pleasures and inseparably associated with all forbidden things.

Fervent prayers had been going up to Heaven for Eric ever since his mother had found the light two weeks ago; but he seemed unmoved by them. Laughingly he had gone on his ways—the ways of youth, which are short enough at best, and none too flowery on the Divide. He would slip away from the nightly meetings to meet the

---

Dorothy Pyatt: "Let it be a husband, though it be but a log."

Campbell boys in Dacy's saloon, or hug the plump little French girls at Chevalier's dances. And sometimes, of a summer night, he even went across the dewy corn-fields and through the wild-plum thicket to play the fiddle for Lena Hanson, whose name was a reproach through all the Divide country, where women are usually too plain and too busy and too tired to depart from the ways of virtue.

And yet, careless as he seemed, the frantic petitions of the Free-Gospellers were not without their effect upon him. For days he had been fleeing before them as a criminal before his pursuers. But to the final barrier between him and his mother's faith he still clung, as a man will to his dearest sin, to a weakness more precious to him than all his strength. Art and beauty, for Eric, were embodied only in his violin. It was his one bridge into the kingdom of the soul, and he would not give it up.

But tonight there was joy in Asa Skinner's pale face, for Eric Hermannson was swaying to and fro in his seat under the strain of the impassioned pleading directed toward him. Suddenly the evangelist fell on his knees and threw up his arms over his head. "Oh my brothers! I feel it coming—the blessing we have prayed for. I tell you the Spirit is coming! A little more prayer, brothers, a little more zeal, and He will be here. I can feel his cooling wing upon my brow! Glory to God forever and ever, Amen!"

The whole congregation groaned aloud under the pressure of this spiritual panic. Shouts and hallelujahs went up from every lip. In front, another figure fell prostrate. From the mourner's bench rose a chant of terror and rapture:

"Eating honey and drinking wine,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
I am my Lord's and he is mine,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!"

And the sound voiced all the vague yearning of these hungry lives, which had starved all the passions so long, only to fall victims to the basest of them all—fear.

A groan of ultimate anguish came from Eric's bowed head, and the sound of it was like the groan of a great tree falling in the forest.

The minister rose suddenly to his feet and threw back his head, crying in a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth! Eric Hermannson, you are lost, going down at sea. In the name of God and Jesus Christ His Son, I throw you the life-line. Take hold! Almighty God! My soul for his!" And the man of God threw out his arms and lifted his quivering face.

Eric Hermannson rose to his feet; his lips were set, and the lightning was in his eyes. He took his violin by the neck and crushed it to splinters across his knee; and, to Asa Skinner, the sound was like the shackles of sin broken audibly asunder.

Ray Turner.

Verne Ross: "And from that luckless hour, my tyrant hair
Has led and turned me by a single hair."

A FACT

WRITTEN BY A DREAMER

IT is contrary to hypothesis that this distracting, nerve-racking, pecuniary age should produce any but a monetary sort of people, and it is with surprise that we learn that on this terraqueous globe are still extant progenies of that almost extinct sect, the dreamer. We are all dreamers, but only in a sordid, earthy way, with our brightest fancies besmirched with terrestial cogitations, and in no manner related to the true dreamer who has the discerning mind and seeing eye whereby he pierces the nauseating exhalations of the times and wanders with Eros in enchanted fields.

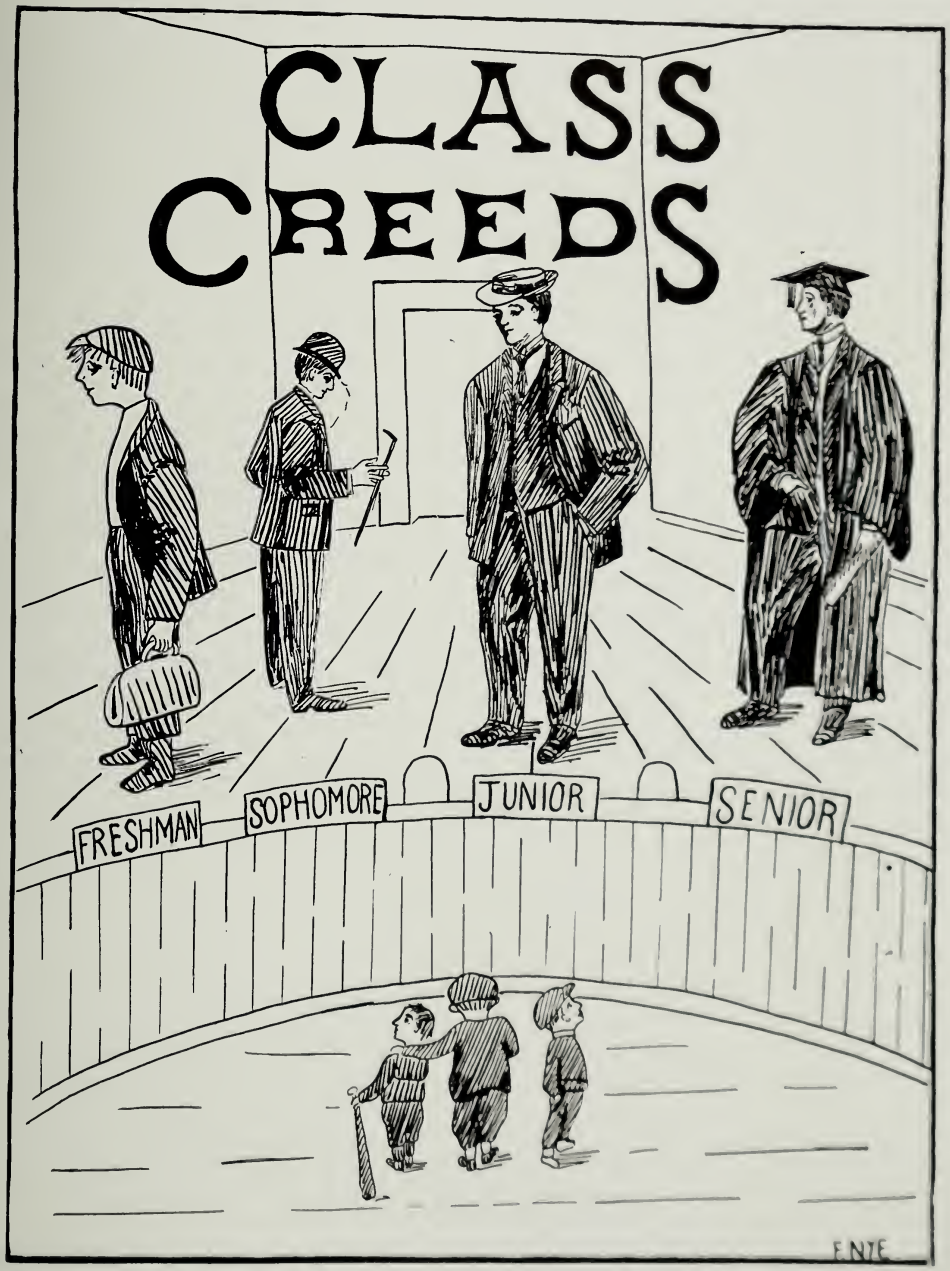
One such our beloved Herr Professor Pshaw is found to be. A man least susceptible of being a visionary, with his cold distant eyes, and with that cruel looking mouth, across which, now and then, pass fleeting gleams of that harsh, cynical flunkers' smile which breaks into a diabolic blaze during January and June. But this rough exterior belies the hero whom it circumscribes, and fortunate is the person who gets a glimpse behind the veil of the real self within. Occasionally, (and your author is one of the elect,) have these glimpses been had when the good man, for the moment off his guard, slowly squints his eyes, and tightly clasping his hands, delves into the past and brings forth one of those dumb, antique, musty jokes at which Nein always laughs too soon, and Wallace, roused by the sounds of merriment from his nap, considerately waits and laughs with the Doctor. But the real dreamer is never fully revealed except during the Calculus Period, when the Professor, wrathfully calling the dullards from the boards, and starting into an instructive discourse, is quickly entranced by his beloved sines and cosines on to Elysium fields of thought, from whence he wanders onward through the immeasureable infinitude of Math. and Science from which the bewildered class can only catch an occasional aerolitic thought. Soon he is almost entirely away from us and we, frightened and frenzied at the prospect, are about to cry out when the bell rings, the curtain falls, and we are again confronted by just plain Doc Pshaw.

—L. S. Wallace.

HAPPINESS AND WISDOM

Who deems himself a happy man,
  Happiness in him lies;
But wisdom has no part in him
  Who deems himself as wise.

Hiram Shumway: "Too tall to walk under his own umbrella."


CLASS
CREEDS
FRESHMAN
SOPHOMORE
JUNIOR
SENIOR
F.NYE

CLASS CREEDS

FRESHMEN

"He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not; he is a fool, shun him."

I believe in the Freshman class, in my black cap and its gold '10; in the sturdy oak of old Millikin, and in the rush with the Sophs.

I believe that I have put away childish things, and have now become a man.

I believe what I am told to. Amen.

SOPHOMORES

"He who knows not, and knows that he knows not; he is simple, teach him."

I believe in the verdant freshman stage, in non-payment of class dues, in the inherent ability of mankind to flunk, and in the migratory quality of the soul at class time.

I believe that I have now put away all childish things, and that I have now waxed a full-grown man.

I believe that Prexy is proud of me. Amen.

JUNIORS

"He who knows, and knows not that he knows; he is asleep, awaken him."

I believe in the worthy Seniors, in modern flirtation, the admiration of the damsels, in our own latent energy, and in the Senior reception.

I believe that I have not put away all childish things, and that I have not yet become a man.

I believe in hearty co-operation. Amen.

SENIORS

"He who knows, and knows that he knows; he is a wise man, follow him."

I believe in the Senior class, in my cap and gown, in co-education, in being excused from examinations, and in the annual issue of a Millidek; in looking up my credits, in private consultation with Prexy, in my corduroys, in the Junior banquet, in full-dress receptions, and in all functions for the promotion of good fellowship.

I believe that I must now put away childish things, and that I must now become a full-grown man.

I believe in the face-value of my sheep-skin. Amen.

Gladys Smith: "Mistress of herself, though China fall."

SENIOR CLASS ROLL

Bankson—Presides over the class meetings with the dignity of the Supreme Bench and the wisdom of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

Bennett—Threatens to become a famous lawyer.

Bone—"Up from the meadows fresh with corn."

Bumgarner, E.—Nu Sigma Nu.

Bumgarner, I.—Editor-in-chief of the '07 Millidek. Nuf ced.

Cockrell—A. B. A. M. B. S. P. A. M. etc.

Dappert—"As short and dark as is a winter's day."

Davidson—Stood highest in his classes for four years—6 feet, 4.

Diller—With one eye looking forward to "Women in the Economic World," and the other—goodness knows where.

Ferguson—Her cogitative faculties immersed in cogibundity of cogitations.

Finfrock—Our 17-year-old graduate.

Handlin—Of the Raphael-Varnumistic school.

Humphrey—Tony, the busiest man in Decatur.

Laughlin—Is loath to doff her chemistry coat, even to don the cap and gown.

Lichtenberger—"How happy I would be with either, if t'other dear creature were far away."

Magill—The laughing Madonner.

McDavid—His piercing eye softens many hearts.

Miller—Dead in love.

Mills—"Oh happy day that fixed my choice!"

Moore—A pugnacious youth in football, and not backward in the presence of ladies.

Morrow—On time in English, April 1, 1907.

Oliphant—Great thoughts in his "think dome."

Olsen—A $14 cap and gown for sale or rent; easy terms and special discount for cash.

Padon—A sworn bachelor, yet he sings "A charge to keep I have."

Patterson—Continues John Byrne's chapel lament.

Payne—Nature was in earnest when she made this woman.

Poor—"Society is the happiness of life."

Porter—A mouth so large he can whisper in his own ear.

Post—Is it work that gives Post that tired look?

Redmon—Thin and frail as the dickens.

Sanders—A good chicken raiser spoiled to make a poor doctor.

Whitehouse—Nature has framed strange fellows in her day.

Williamson—He is the very pink of courtesy.

Witzemann—Dot comical man what scandalized dot water, and denounced it four-fifths hydrophobia.

Lyman Smith: "I am struck dumb by the depth of my own thought and knowledge."

THE FIREFLIES

A glimmer in the tree-tops and a glitter in the grass,
And a gleam of sparklets dancing to and fro,
When the night's dark shadows gather and the evening twilights pass,
And a myriad teeming fireflies 'gin to glow.

A spangled sheen of sparklets where the grasses nod to sleep
In the lowland, o'er the brooklet's quiet flow;
Where from the darkling thicket of the dewy grasses peep
The flashing little firefly lanterns' glow.

I love to sit on wooded hills, where evening shadows play,
Sit, and watch the fireflies in the vale below;
As sporting through the cool night air, at close of summer's day
Their fairy spangles light with magic glow.

A gleaming in the gloaming, and in the twilight, light;
And a peace in valleys where still breezes blow;
A quiet, cooling darkness, save for million flashes bright
As the countless sparkling fairy fireflies glow.

—Ray Turner.

"Stunned by the soundness of my own logic."

FRATERNITIES

Α Σ Θ
Κ Δ Χ
Δ Θ Ψ
Χ Σ Φ
Φ Δ Π
I.T.G.O.S.T.

ALPHA SIGMA THETA

LOCAL

Established October 6, 1904.

Seniors.

Ellis E. Bankson
Orris Bennett
Ray Oliphant
Edgar D. Morrow

Affiliated Members.

Dr. T. W. Galloway
D. Walter Morton
James N. Ashmore
I. Lawrence Sears

Juniors.

Ansel O. Magill
Lyman Smith
George E. Ewing
Verne R. Ross
Arthur Van Cleve
Harry Baxter

Sophomores.

Lloyd S. Wallace
George T. Owens
R. Raymond Turner
William H. Bell

Colors: Black and Gray.

Flower: Violet.

Freshmen.

Walter F. Isaacs
John R. Lyons
Ira Pease
Otis Hill
Irwin Dudley
Earl E. Winters

Pledges.

Frank F. Sheffler
J. Harold Hampton

Absent.

Edward L. King, A. B.
Leonard H. Cassity
Hoyt O. Smith
Clinton C. Morgan
L. Park Ritz
Encil H. Summers

KAPPA DELTA CHI

LOCAL

Established April 22, 1904.

Patrons and Patronesses.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Shaw
Mr. and Mrs. Smith E. Walker
Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Evans
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Powers
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Van Deventer

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE

Seniors.

Horace W. McDavid
Harry N. Humphrey
Keach Bone
Chas. A. Post
J. Arthur Moore

Colors: Orange and Blue.
Flower: Carnation.

Juniors.

Hiram Shumway
Norman J. Sansom

Sophomores.

Hubert K. Davenport
Louis M. Baker
George A. Gilman
Daniel E. Moeller
Carleton D. Mattes
Ward J. Bricker

Freshmen.

James E. Wasem
Wilfred Holliday
Roy Hamilton
Willard Gearen

Pledges.

Lindley Huff
Ernest Davis

FRATRES IN ABSENTIA

James D. Moses
Dwight E. Young
Edgar L. Auer
Hazelton Daniels
W. Ray McGaughey
Forrest File
Wm. P. Stevenson
Jesse M. Corzine

I. T. G. O. S. T.

Organized Oct. 15, 1903.

FRATRES IN SCHOLA

James Nugent

Vere Brownback

Tom Folrath

Joe Williamson

Fred Benton

Kent Williamson

FRATRES IN ABSENTIA

Sam Powers

John Schudel

Julius Young

Robert Benton

Frank Hunter

Harry Crea

Hugh Crea

Arthur Wilson

Colors: Red and Blue.

DELTA THETA PSI

Established Oct. 1, 1904.

Faculty Advisors.

Miss Steele — Miss Conant

Patronesses.

Mrs. A. R. Taylor — Mrs. A. W. Conklin
Mrs. John A. Montgomery — Mrs. W. T. Wells
Mrs. Robert Mueller — Miss Nita Clark
Mrs. George Moeller — Miss Buckingham

Sorores in Urbe.

Alice Baker — Kittie Taylor

Sorores in Facultate.

Maude De Puy — Lucy Penhallegon
Louise Guernsey

SORORES IN UNIVERSITATE

Freshmen.

Edith Schenk — Lelia Lamb
Caroline Lutz — Elizabeth Lemmon
Myrtle Rugh

Sophomores.

Mary Hostetler — Marguerite Grey

Juniors.

Ruth Bicknell — Erma Anderson
Dorothy Pyatt — Helen Bishop
Verna Brooks — Alice Bone
Katherine Trautman

Seniors.

Irene Handlin — Mary Poor
Ella Cockrell — Jessie Ferguson

Specials.

May Field — Olga Keck
Gladys Smith

Colors: Green and White.
Flower: Violet.

CHI SIGMA PHI

LOCAL

Established Oct. 13, 1904.

Sorores in Facultate.

Theckla Leafbourg — Davida McCaslin

Sorores in Urbe.

Florence Dearth — Leoti Swearingen
Caroline Carr

SORORES IN UNIVERSITATE

Seniors.

Judith Mills — Ethel Bumgarner
Ida Diller — Jessie Lichtenberger
Anna Magill — Daisy Payne

Juniors.

Bonnie Blackburn

Sophomores.

La Rue Neisler — Helen Mills
Georgia Donaldson — Ethel Rogers

Freshmen.

Bertha McClelland — Ethel Lichtenberger

Specials.

Clara Taylor — Golda Killion
Nora Camp

Pledges.

Edith Hampton — Fay McAdams
Ilda Dearth

Colors: Gold and White.
Flower: Yellow Chrysanthemum.

PHI DELTI PI

ZETA CHAPTER

Established October 21, 1903.

Active Members.

Florence Page
Myra Powers
Eleanor Armstrong
Emily Powers
Marie Morgan
Lenora Allen
Alberta Barnes
Clara Ferritor
Helen Ritchie

Associate Members.

Mae Badenhausen
Lora Sanford Kinsman
Suzanne Imboden
Nellie Irish

Absent Members.

Samuella Young
Hazel Bowren

Flower: Black-eyed Susan
Colors: Black and Gold.

THE RESIDENCE OF JAMES MILLIKIN

Our Contributors

Literary

R. Ray Turner
Clara M. Baker
Bonnie C. Blackburn
Georgia L. Donaldson
Daisy V. Payne
Bertha McClelland
Irma M. Bumgarner
Hope Finfrock
William H. Banfill
Earl E. Winters
Lloyd S. Wallace
Letha B. Patterson
John R. Lyons

Art

Professor W. H. Varnum
Louise Guernsey
Walter Isaacs
Glenn Tanner
Josephine Cozad
F. R. Webber
Ray Coberly
Erma Anderson
Erwin Dudley
Alberta Barnes
Harry Farrell
Helen Mills
Frances Nye
Della Wilson
Ina Warnick

SECOND PRIZE STORY

MILLIDEK STORY CONTEST

FLOOD-TIDES

OLIVE BLENHEIM stood in the wings, gorgeous in a stage ball gown, and waited intently till the outside door slammed, sending before it a flurry of skirts and a waft of soft perfume, and then a small slender girl. At the sight of the girl Olive turned and smiled gravely, a tender personal smile that shone out of her eyes. "No, you're not late," anticipating the question. "I'm so glad. I hurried so. Ollie, it's done. I've asked her. I can't tell what I said. I'm glad you had me dress well to talk to her, even over the phone. It **does** make a difference. You **do** know things." Olive took the babyish hands from her shoulder and held them.

"Now tell me," she said.

The girl's color wavered, and then she began calmly.

"I tried to say something civil about how we had only known her through her fame, and what a coincidence that she roomed just over the hall, but I think I must have stumbled. She seemed rather sharp. But she'll come, Ollie, and listen. She prefers our room. When we get home she'll be ready." The girl's smile flitted and trembling tears stood in her eyes—almost too quickly, as if she were incapable of sustained passion.

"The curtain's rung up, run, Lilli Arlin, and dress for your part."

She flitted away among the shadows, her soft glinting hair and delicate color, and even her dainty green gown seeming vague and unreal in that world of broad lines and passionate tones.

Olive's eye followed her, and saw her shrink like a child from the bending compliment of some actor. She started up with a cry in her throat. But as Lilli's answer with its sweet, half-frightened treble came to her, she settled back again, and a grave, inscrutable look crept into her eyes.

That same inscrutable look, that impassivity that did not weary, had served her well in her trade, from a gypsy mother to a New York Society belle. Her figure was large and handsome. Her face was English in line, but very dark, handsome yet not so, because in it was a certain quality beyond handsomeness, which after a moment throttled the beholder and hurt like new pleasure. It was that curious sort of subtle, passionate strength that each new comer imagines himself the first to behold.

Glenn Tanner: "Something between a hindrance and a help."

At the end of the third act they came off together and sat waiting for their cue. Olive in a stunning street gown, and Lilli as a girl of the streets. That make-up of Lilli's was so potently symbolic to Olive, so grotesquely pathetic. It stood as a sign to her of the girl's misfit—that girlish poise all scrawled in coarsened lines and dowdy clothes. Lilli always laughed to see and think of it, and Olive laughed with her to be kind. But it seemed to the older woman, out of the encompassing love she bore the girl, she could never shriek loud enough and pound her hands hard enough against that travesty of innocence.

It was like her own "I'm good to you because I love you," as if her love or hate were the only springs to action she had ever known.

The stage manager went by with a hoarse bellow of directions to some one beyond.

"It was old Proctor who really brought us together, wasn't it? I do hate him but we can sing sweet praises to him for that."

"What a pink cotton baby you were," tenderly. "There must have been something immensely pathetic to stir up a hardened old timer like me. I think you heard me swear, didn't you—over Proctor? He's such a fool. Men all are, don't you think? O, perhaps some aren't. You looked so shocked to hear that. Bless you, I wouldn't even say darn to you. Now to swear isn't so bad, is it, Lilli?"

"Not when you do it. You've laughed at me so much and changed me so. To lie, even, isn't so bad if you do it."

"Do you think so, dear?" she answered, then went on speculatively.

"Stage managers are queer cattle, don't you think so? They're so real and hard and practical and yet all over nothing. They make me think of the way Dyson used to read those lines of Macbeth's that go, 'A tale told by an idiot, and full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' They rage and fume and get excited over just a world of trumped up lies, the sort of lies, too, that don't count. There's not much to it, dear, but painted scenes, paste jewels and fat women rouged like me."

She turned with a sudden flame and gathered the girl in her arms.

"It's not your world, Lilli, and I will take you out of it, please God, clear out. I've wanted your life to be so sweet and clean and simple and respectable—away beyond all this. The things I used to care for for myself, those are the things I want for you. And you must have them too; you're different from me."

Then she added merrily, shaking the girl, "If Rosomond Tower, Fellowess in Chief of Women in the World, and harbinger of all literary prestige, doesn't like your story and take it and put you on her force, 'we'll hound every hour of her damnèd life,' as the villain says."

When the last curtain was rung down, Lilli crept listlessly into Olive's room to take off her make-up. Her cheeks were pale and even her hair looked dead. Olive watched her covertly, talking in a light, even tone as they dressed. Their movements were so different, those two women; Lilli's, quick or leaden, frantic or nerveless, were swept up now and then in a whirl of distraught fear that betrayed itself in a quiver of the plastic lips. But Olive betrayed nothing of all this in the calm poise of her reserved vitality.

Katherine Trautman: "Heaven sends us good meat, but the devil sends us cooks."

"Has DeCourcey been nagging you again?" she asked.

"No, oh no, he only stopped me to say how plastic I looked." Her eyes were pensive with that dreamy abstraction that has not yet reached the maturity of observation. "I don't know, Ollie, but he scares me so. He—its his mouth, I think."

"Yes, it is his mouth, Lilli. It's so loose lipped and sort of as if it were the only thing he couldn't hide—a part of his real self that is pasted on from within, a thing he must always wear as a sign to honest folk that he's all wrong.

"Actor men are always so, Lilli. All that is what I've wanted to take you away from. That slender neck of yours isn't strong enough to bear the brunt of all this tawdriness. Mock jewels don't look well on you. You must have real amethysts."

"You're so good to me," said the girl with a satisfied smile, and then with a sudden start as if her conscience had just smitten her:

"Ollie, shall you be here yet?"

Olive turned, with a big theatric gesture, and a loud laugh.

"Paste diamonds **do** look well on me," she said.

"When I am famous," went on Lilli with the unconscious cruelty of irresponsible much-loved people, "or married, or rich, you shall come to my house and meet nice people. There **are** nice people, Ollie, don't you think, somewhere? You shall almost live there, and talk or play or smoke just as you choose, happy as the princess in the tale. You've been so good to me, Ollie."

Olive turned back to the glass.

"Because I love you, Lilli." Her voice was rich with an almost awesome gravity.

Nevertheless there were tears in her eyes.

When they had crept up the stairs to their rooms, Lilli said, "I shall read it all over again to you before she comes." She changed her green gown for a soft lavendar silk, with long pure lines, like a tall straight fleur-de-lis. While Olive sat in the back of the room, Lilli crept up to the fire and read, and when she had finished with "Alexia cuddled the tiny one in her arms and crooned old songs to it," Olive's lashes were wet. Lilli's cheeks were softly flushed with satisfied pleasure as she turned to her friend and said,

"Dearie, does it really pay to be an actress?"

"I don't know, dear, I'm sure. I don't know. It seems this way to me. We're all put here into this world o' dreams. We're born, we live and die. And while we're here there are certain relations come out of this living that we all have to live by. For the very—well—economy of existence it seems to me that we must keep those relations pure and simple. Perhaps I'm all wrong, but acting seems to coarsen all that. It intensifies each bit, as if by acting one resolved a feeling to it's ultimate elements, and soaked up all its mystic power to return."

"Just as too much kissing cloys," she added laughing.

She jumped to her feet at a rap on the door, and greeted Miss Tower with quiet gravity. "You're so good to come," pulling out a chair.

Arthur Van Cleve: "Hog is not bacon, until it be well hanged."

Miss Tower was older than the other woman, tall, slender, with a colorless, thin animation.

"This story, Miss Arlin, is it the first you've done?"

"Yes, except what I did in college. I've thought," rather incoherently, "that if I could write, I could get off the stage. I hate it so, and I really can't act you know, and I do love to write. It seems so much purer and cleaner than acting. I've thought that you'd know, you've had so much experience. So I was brave enough to ask you to come."

"I'll be quite glad to help you if I can," said Miss Tower, settling her skirts. She spoke with a predetermined, self-conscious resolution, as if she were on trial, instead of Lilli's story.

Olive sank back in her corner and Lilli unfolded the precious manuscript and began. She read in a voice well drilled but inefficient, just as she read her part in the play. The story was written in a broad, conventional tone, immature, yet tender, with now and then a classic quotation creeping in with sweet triteness. As she read she warmed up to the part and the same pink flushed her cheeks as before. She ended in a gusto of triumphant real feeling and sat waiting. There was a tiny pink spot in Miss Tower's cheek too. She clenched and unclenched her hands and then spoke.

"You say that's the first work you've done?"

"Yes."

"How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-two."

"You've never had any affair?"

"Any what?"

"Any love affair?"

"Heaven, no," answered the dazed Lilli, "except when I was a child, with a choir boy at our church."

"One can scarcely write at the immaturity of your age with your inexperience." She spoke pragmatically, as if she thought the world had taught her hard lessons, which perforce, out of truth, she must recite to all comers.

Olive started forward, with a swinging stride and the same big, theatric gesture: "You're **so** successful, we've admired your work so much," she said with an insinuating, impersonal tone. It was vulgar, but it was intimate, pathetic vulgarity that made one like her the better, as if she were defending that defenseless thing at her side with the only weapons that she knew. The thrust was too broad for even the literal Rosamond Tower, and she turned again to Lilli with:

"Young people can't do children's stories, anyway. It takes too much abstraction, too complete a disassociation from the really vital things of life. We are all like to pursue the course of least resistance, and since experience is the genesis of all art, all immature work is a pure pasquinade of life. You don't write from the hoi polloi; there is no iconoclasm. This is good. Conservatism is so necessary, I think, to life and art. You have spiritual imagination, too, and a great purity of feeling."

Walter Van Guilder: "Not all the gifts cold, haughty Science flings us
Are worth the touch of one loving hand."

She spoke that quite tenderly, as if she might be moved to her fullest capacity by certain conventional emotions, plaintive or romantic.

"Keep on writing and crystallize all your experiences." She held out her hand with dainty frigidness. "I've been so glad to help you, and I hope we'll be quite friendly."

As the door closed Olive turned and faced Lilli. The girl sat stone still, so white that her lips seemed no part of her face. Olive struck the table with an absurd fist and said with a wry laugh,

"Would it be economical for me to kiss you now?"

"It wouldn't cloy," answered Lilli sharply; then the tears came as Olive gathered her into her arms and clasped the cold fingers with her strong white ones. She held her, not attempting to stop the sobs, and kept muttering to herself, "Lord, Lord, how the critics crit!" Suddenly she dropped the girl's hand with a start, smiled, and breathed heavily.

Then unloosing the lavendar gown she laid Lilli on the settle and spread the rug over her. "I'll be back in a moment," she said. She slipped into her bedroom, and took off the jewels from her fingers and throat. She piled her hair high on her head and then gravely took a pale pink rose from the vase and fastened it in, taking the effect from all sides.

A moment later found her with a shawl on her arm knocking with a timid sound at Miss Tower's door. Her voice was pitched appealingly, as she said with simple sweetness:

"O, am I presuming? I am, I know. But I feel that the child didn't thank you enough. She's so irresponsible. We are grateful, both of us. We're quite alone you know and a word means so much. O, it has been wrong of me to come. The temptation, as I went by your door— May I bid you good night?" Miss Tower struggled for a word and Olive moved on.

"Are you going out now, Miss Blenheim?" she called.

"Just to get Lilli some wine. She is—she seems ill," she answered in a throaty voice.

"Don't go, I have some." She pulled Olive in and hustled about for the bottle. "Is she often ill?" she called. But Olive did not answer till the woman returned and then she said, "I'm afraid so, but I try to be brave," with a catch in her voice. "Sit down," said Miss Tower, "and tell me."

And Olive sat, with a long weary sigh.

"You're too kind to a big child like me," she said shaking her head.

"Tell me of Lilli, is she only a friend?"

Olive shot her a glance, then leaned forward toward the fire. A shadow of a smile flitted over her mouth and dilated her nostril. Then she began.

"O, what a relief just to tell some one! No, she is more than a friend. She's my half sister. Her father died when she was so young. I took her. I'm so much older. It was such a pleasure. I've loved her so. I can't think of her except as having little pudgy hands, or as she was in the convent. I put her there—O, I loved to do it. I could make quite a bit of money acting. I hate it, you know, but a friend put me on.

Prof. B. B. James: "Faith is an excellent thing in religion, but no good in Physics."

It's all I can do. I've watched her grow and dreamed she should have all I missed." Olive's voice was growing fuller. Her strong passion was still held in leash, and all the more affecting in Miss Tower's thin atmosphere, for its very subjectivity.

"Go on," said Miss Tower, "I'm fond of Lilli too." She stated it as a hard confession. Olive glanced up the first time and saw a pink spot on either cheek. She saw the woman's rising tide and pursued it relentlessly. Rising and fixing her luminous eyes on Miss Tower, she went on:

"She **must** have those things. All that I missed. This life will kill her, I tell you, in three years. We've worked and planned and yet all that stays is just those hard cruel necessities. Lilli's only a flower.

"And that she's ill, O Lilli!" All the pent up emotion quivered in her voice. She gave a long moan, and dropped to the floor with thick sobs.

"If Lilli goes you will be kind to me?"

Miss Tower fluttered and bubbled. Her kindness sat upon her as if it were drawn from tremulously deep and untried wells. She knelt by Olive's side and muttered sweet, motherly nothings into her ear, quieting the sobs gradually.

In half an hour Olive's tear stained face and limp figure crept into the hall and walked slowly till she reached her own door. Then she pounded her fist on the table, tore the rose out of her hair, put on her rings, muttering gleefully.

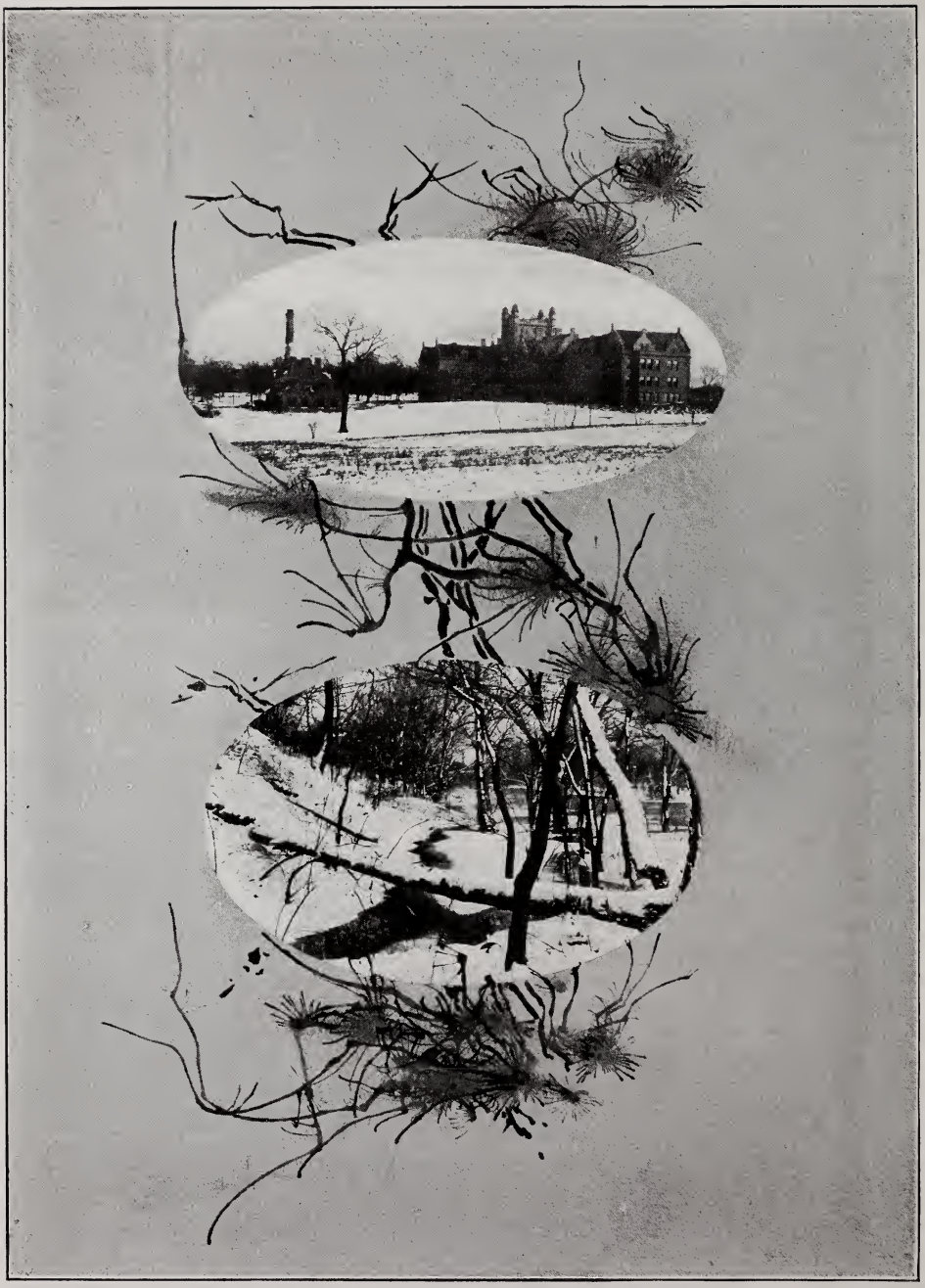
"Ha, Lilli, does it really pay to be an actress! O, Lilli sweet, and Rosy stupid!" She slipped in toward the settle. "Bardie's were out of milk, but Miss Tower called me in to say she had found a place for you and your story."

—Letha B. Patterson.

NOVEMBER

The old oak's leaves are fallen now,
His outstretched arms are bare and cold,
And on yon unprotected bough,
Fair in the wind and driving snow,
A little nest swings high, swings low.

'Twas once a dwelling-place, a home,
Where true love dwelt in unison.
But now ne'er floats the brimming song
Of love and happiness in one;
Only a nest swings high, swings low.



BACK VIEW OF UNIVERSITY
A VIEW OF STEVENS CREEK

NOTICE

WHEREAS, It has become very evident that there are certain students in the University who, under the pretext of seeking after truth, and incidentally making a hit with the teachers, have acquired the habit of monopolizing the attention of the class in various time consuming ways; and, Whereas, With the air of "We are the people and wisdom shall die with us," they endeavor to direct the trend of the lesson to their own advantage; and, Whereas, There are others whose conduct is objectionable on general principles, therefore,

Be it resolved, in the light of the foregoing facts, that we bawl out these grandstand players, as is befitting this kind of conduct.

LET THE FOLLOWING REFORM THEIR WAYS.

Chemistry I	Dwight Montgomery
Psychology	E. Star Cole
German	Emily Powers
Money and Banking	Ed Ross
Physics I.	E. J. Witzemann
German II.	Alice Dempsy
Junior English	Arthur Van Cleve, Earl Winters
English II.	Norman Sansom

On General Principles.

Laziness — Geo. Ewing

Nerve — Letha Patterson

Loafing:

Norman Sansom, John McLean, Eleanor Armstrong, Zella Hostettler, Kent Williamson, Dorothy Pyatt, Joe Williamson, Eloise Crea

More Nerve — Macie Hamilton

For Failing to Turn in Photographs for Class Pictures.

Senior — Junius Dappert

Juniors:

Debora Akers, Helen Bishop, Verna Brooks, George Ewing, C. H. Hoggatt, Gladys Smith, Glen Tanner, Katheryne Trautman, Arthur Van Cleve, Walter Van Guilder.

Sophomores:

Harry Baxter, Lucile Bragg, May Field, Mary Hostettler, Clifford Miller, Marie Morgan, Esther Niedermeyer, Dorothy Pyatt, Milroy Quinlan, E. D. Stapp, Celia Still, Edna Strader, Ray Turner, Joe Williamson, Ewing Wilson.

Freshmen:

Georgia Allison, Charlotte Baker, Nita Brown, Maud Carter, Cyril Cobb, May Connard, Nellie Connard, Bert Dickson, Erwin Dudley, Lester Ennis, Clifford Gandy, Zella Hostettler, Lisle Hunt, Chas. Johnson, Harry Johnson, Ralph Jones, Golda Killion, Helen Krigbaum, Caroline Lutz, Frances Nye, Ira Pease, Bessie Porter, J. J. Rodens, Marcia Secor, Augustus Sewell, John Sponsler, Edna Van Buskirk, Vest Vrodenburg, Leonora Walker, Paul Welch, Della Wilson, Earl Winters.

Joke—Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again—but it is often a late riser.—E. J. Witzemann.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

Little Lord Fauntleroy — Vere Brownback

The Spenders — Joe Williamson, Jim Nugent

The Egoist — Dwight Montgomery

The Gentleman from Indiana — Kent Williamson

If I Were King — Judith Mills

The Simple Life — Preps.

A Comedy of Errors — Freshmen

Much Ado About Nothing — Sophs.

As You Like It — Juniors

All's Well That Ends Well — Seniors

Measure for Measure — Faculty

The Little Minister — John Lyons

Handy Andy — Bill Sears

Our Mutual Friend — Prexy

Little Men — Tommy Folrath, Junius Dappert

Little Women — Ruth Bicknell, Mildred Montgomery.

Rose in Bloom — Emily Powers

The De(a)rslayer — Norman Sansom

Rip Van Winkle — Wm. Banfill

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table — Miss Johnson

Webster's Unabridged — Guy Porter

The Fighting Chance — Orris Bennett, Tony Humphrey

Reveries of a Bachelor — Edgar Witzemann

Encyclopedia Americana — E. Starr Cole

Jim Crow Tales — Minnie Redmon

The House of Mirth — ΔΘΨ

To Have and To Hold — Blanche Welsh

Smart Set — I. T. G. O. S. T.

The Light That Failed — Letha Patterson

Sentimental Tommy — Prof. Varnum

Social Etiquette — ΚΔΧ

Blunders of a Bashful Man — Howard Bone

Baron Munchausen's Travels — Casca Whitehouse

Les Miserables — Seniors after finals

Prisoners of Hope — Seniors before finals

The Booklovers — ΑΣΘ

The Etude — ΧΣΦ

The Outlook — ΠΔΦ

Sandy — Keach Bone

Kidnapped — Cyril Cobb

The Seven Seas — Conant, Colgrove, Cole, Calvert, Crooks, Cockrell, C. A. M.

Joke—The difference between salvation and perdition is a difference of but one syllable—bliss and blisters.—H. G. Porter.

TO THE M-S-C DEPARTMENT

Bang and hammer, clang and shriek,
Day after day, week after week,
Fill the air with discord wild—
Classic music's never mild—
Jangle up and down the scales
While the tortured key-board wails
Press the pedal, gasp and jerk—
Fools will think you're hard at work!

Don't go easy! Let 'er slam!
Now then! **You** don't care a clam
What your loving neighbors say!
Do this fifty times a day.
Rinky-dinky-boom-boom-dink!
Don't let **anybody** think!
When there's nothing else in sight
Let the warblers take a flight.
Up to high C let 'em fly—
Prima donnas by and by!
What are victims' nerves to you?
Hit that note—now hit it! Do!

Joke—Human nature shows up to better advantage at a dog fight than at a prayer meeting.—E. J. Witzemann.

THE CARDINAL BIRD

Again there has come among us,
  Into this land of ours,
A flash of the colored tropics,
  A child of the April showers.

I heard him the other morning
  In a tree by the garden wall,
And I'm sure the song he sang me
  In Heaven would not pall.

Oh the singer was gay as Maytime,
  And the song was sweet, was sweet—
Perchance he was wooing a rosebud,
  Or the dawn with an ode would greet.

Oh master of passionate song bursts
  That are mad with loves and joys,
Come, lead my soul's rebellion
  Against that which halts and cloys.

Thou shalt be hung and quartered,
  Sweet reveller of the day;
Thou hast robbed the sun of the morning
  And stolen his beauty away.

Thou shalt be hung and quartered—
  And the mourners shall mourn all night;
And an angel shall resurrect thee
  And thy song shall stay his flight.

But tell me, ye pallid churchmen—
  Has not this priest of the wood,
This monk that has scorn of a cloister,
  Come well by his scarlet hood?

And the churchmen make no answer;
  Thy right they cannot gainsay,
The things of man are vainness;
  But God gave thee thy lay.

And never had bishop or abbott
  Such merry thought as thine,
And never had prophet or angel
  A message so divine.

Thy form is all a-tremble
  With gladness not thy own,
That, in gusts of beautiful music,
  Afar o'er the hills is blown.

But, Soul of the colored tropics
  And Child of the April showers,
How can you sing so blithesome
  In this gray world of ours?

And know ye naught of evil,
  Of death, and pain, and woe?
—"Nay, but my Master has taught me,
  And He will that I sing them so!"

—William H. Banfill.

THE SENIOR ENGLISH SPREAD

(AFTER D. G. ROSSETTI)

One night I dined with the English class,
(Oh the dinner was fine to see),
I still see fleeting visions pass,
And I, wailing, weep and cry "alas!"
(And I moan and I cry woe's me).

We dined on the floor, with our plates in our laps,
(Oh the dinner was fine to see),
The bunch piled up and filled all the gaps,
And the flash of wit was like thunder claps,
(And I moan and I cry woe's me).

We dined on pickles and rich brown bread,
(Oh that dinner was fine to see),
The pumpkin pie weighed us down like lead,
And the "tater chips" made us wish we were dead,
(And I moan and I cry woe's me).

We gorged fruit salad and lettuce leaves;
(Oh that dinner was fine to see),
And every one in that class believes
When I insist that my heart still grieves,
(And I moan and I cry woe's me).

And as for the class--well if some still live,
(Oh that dinner was fine to see),
I will sift them out with the finest sieve,
And to them a fitting reward will give,
(For I moan and I cry woe's me). —I. B.

GRINDS

"LOOK THOU NOT—"

Look thou not on the Millidek when it is blue or any other color; for it's pages are numberless, advertisers reluctant, proof-sheets awful, and contributors few.

Lift not up thy hand unto the work when it is offered thee; say not unto thyself, "Behold, I will be editor of the Millidek."

Who hath sorrow? Who hath nerves? Who hath enemies without cause? Who hath headaches of many kinds? Who hath weakness of eyes?

She who hath labored sore on the Millidek; she who hath sought fame as its Editor-in-Chief.

For vanity of vanities, all is vanity; and in the end doth the Millidek Board go broke!

—C. M. B.

CALENDAR FOR '06-'07

September 11.

The old-timers are once more shaking hands, and the new-comers are gawking around the corridors.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Ashmore are greeted enthusiastically.

September 12.

New Student: "I was up at the President's office today. What a handsome young man he is!"

September 13.

Bill Sears calls at XΣ house.

A new student wants to know if "Prexy" is "Taylor's first name."

A few Freshmen, not knowing the traditions of the Math. Department, come to class on time.

September 14.

Bill Sears calls at XΣ house.

Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. reception to new students.

September 15.

Sears calls at XΣ house.

Miss Conant: "When you report orally, please write it on a slip."

September 16.

Sunday; of course, Sears calls, etc.

All out for church. This often lasts for the entire semester.

September 17.

Sears at XΣ house.

September 18.

Juniors enter college!!!

Sears—XΣ.

September 19.

Girls receive their annual lecture on whistling, slang etc., rooms 57, 63, and 34

Sears—house—.

September 20.

Notice—For lack of space and at his request, we discontinue the further record of Sears' calls at XΣ house. But, in so doing, he begs us to assure the public that they are by no means discontinued.

September 21.

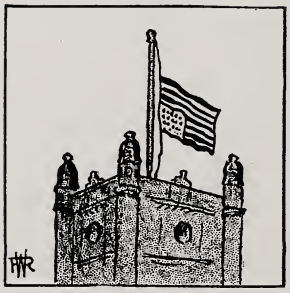
To navigate literature unerringly, take Miss Conant's charts.

September 25.

Sansom is seen strolling with a girl. (This is positively his first offense.)

September 28.

Faculty gets a flash light picture taken before an appreciative student audience.



Record Leaves

September 29.

Charlie Record leaves for New York. Behold, how we loved him!

October 2.

Dr. Kellogg requests the members of each class in No. 36 to be very careful of the chairs and table.

October 3.

The Seniors are just beginning to realize how important they really are. Call a meeting at 12:05 again

October 4.

Nothin' doin'.

October 5.

Directory put on sale—advertisers' money is sufficient to satisfy editors of similar publications elsewhere, but we have a unique school.

October 6.

"Germany" Bricker is initiated into ΚΔΧ.

October 8.

Alice D.—"How softly the breeze whispers over this field!"

Hamy—"Yes, dear, but the corn is all ears, you know."

As another sees it:
"At half-past seven in the morn,
As down the railroad track I scoot,
I see the frost upon the corn,
And say 'My Lawd, ain't that a beaut'!"

The Initiation of Bricker

October 9.

Merkle leaves—didn't like our coffin factory. 'Tis bad to feel out of place.

October 10.

Co-operative movement started, the advantage of the tickets being that they admit bearer to every attraction except the numerous exceptions.

October 11.

Prof. Stevenson reveals his "consciousness of kind ——."

Stevenson Recognizes one of His Kind

October 12.

Some say Ansel got a hair-cut—some say two.

October 13.

First football game of the season. Everybody limbers up, even the crowd. Pekin Independents get trimmed to the tune of "60 to get some."

Dr. Fisher goes to the game and a Freshman, seeing him coming remarks, "Gee, that fellow would be crowded sitting alone."

Color Rush

October 16.

Flower shower for President and Mrs. Taylor. Fine thing to get married on your birthday! President and Mrs. Taylor evidently enjoyed the flower shower by the girls and the color rush by the boys, all co-operating heartily to commemorate the day.

Why, yes, we had a color rush!
We fought midst noise and dirt;
The ambulance came out in haste
To take away the hurt.
And last, the janitor picked up
A basketful of shirt! —C. M. B.

October 17.

La Rue Neisler says: "The goat is the most intelligent animal in existence, because it is the only one which can thoroughly digest a Millidek."

Prexy's vest pocket edition, alias C. W. Dyer, reaches the University fully two minutes before 8:00. Hurrah for Calvert!

October 18.

Sansom flunks in German, sustaining his reputation of the two previous years.

Fay McAdams and Carleton Mattes try the pavement. Be careful, Carleton, and keep out of the way.—(A solicitous friend).

Debating club elects officers. We don't need to say much about it, as they can talk enough themselves.

October 19.

Post pulls down the windows to stop the flickering of the electric light.

October 20.

Millikin, 14; Normal, 4; not such an easy proposition, either.

October 22.

Contestants for Brown debate announced; several began even then to feel the warmth of those 25 plunks.

October 23.

Georgia D. recites in French. Mr. Baker, called on next, answers: "I think the same as Miss Donaldson does."

Woodruff and James are both amiable this week. General rejoicing.

October 26.

ΧΣΦ faculty reception.

ΔΘΨ entertained by their patronesses.

October 27.

Millikin vs. Monmouth at Peoria. Score, Monmouth, 25; Millikin, 9. But that doesn't tell the whole tale. We fought to a finish and "died game."

October 29.

"Bobby" Yale lands—to be to the Music Department something 'twixt a hindrance and a help.

Half-back Moeller flunks in football.

October 30.

D. Walter Morton appears. All the girls, remembering Merkle, carefully avoid him.

October 31.

Hallowe'en witches all out. Quite lively at the ΛΣΘ house; also at the ΚΔΧ dance in the armory.

Morton dons some old duds and hangs around on the football field waiting for a chance to get busy. Ash is much amazed to find out his identity, and get an S. A. E. grip. Since then the laugh's on Ash.

November 1.

Y. W. C. A. delegation, twenty-nine strong, leaves for U. of I.

November 2.

Leonora Jackson appears. This number happens to be included on the co-op tickets.

November 3.

The Charleston school ma'ams leave Millikin field, sadder and wiser men. 17 to 0! What will it be next year?

November 4.

Sunday School Teacher: "And who comes after Esther?" Pause. "Is it Job?"

Porter: "No, Ed Ross. I see him every once in a while."

November 6.

June and H. Guyroski look supremely happy. Their thesis engine arrived today. We all devoutly hope they won't hitch it on to their talking machines.

November 7.

Robert Yale Smith gives a recital.

Mrs. Ellen M. Richards, a noted chemist, addresses the student body. The Domestic Science girls give a reception in her honor this afternoon. Dr. and Mrs. Meserve give a reception at their home this evening.

November 9.

Senior class meets and elects the editor-in-chief and the business manager of the '07 Millidek. Oh, cursed day!

November 10.

DePauw beats us at Greencastle. Well one "0" doesn't look so bad. Think who we played.

November 13.

Dr. Galloway (absent-mindedly)—"If any of you are absent from class stop by and give me your name."

November 14.

Millidek Board is announced and a chance given to the boys to take girls to the board meetings. (Needless to add they didn't do it.)

November 15.

Senior class committees posted. Excitement!

Verne Ross adopts reformed spelling and writes dyne "dine," at 11:45 in Physics class.

November 16.

Goldia Atherton, member of the track team, falls through the viaduct.

November 17.

Varsity vs. Scrubs. Free! Big crowd!! Score, 21 to 0 in favor of Varsity.

Varsity vs. Scrubs

November 20.

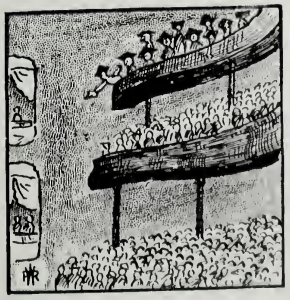
Kent didn't turn up at chapel today; funny; guess he's getting a little sleep. Dot looked pretty sleepy, too.

November 21.

Football team is fixing for Rose Poly. Strenuous life—practice morning, afternoon and night—hardly stop for chapel.

November 22.

Mrs. Dorothea Hayden presents "If I Were King" to an appreciative audience.



Seniors in the Roost

November 23.

Rose Poly tomorrow. No time for chapel today.

Seniors have roost party—then crow about it next day.

November 24.

Great day for Millikin. For the first time in her history she "does" Rose Poly. Score 6—5. Millikin celebrates by giving her team a free ride in a delivery wagon, and follows this with a monster bon fire on the athletic field at night. "After dinner" talks by Morton, Ashmore, Stevenson and Meserve. Do it again, Millikin.

November 29.

Rumors of a spy from Shurtleff. Secret practice on Millikin field. Help! Murder! Police—those Senior trouseroons!!

November 28.

Clara Baker quotes Psalm 147:10.
Trio in chapel this morning: Leafbourg, Meek, and Smith. Fine business.
E. Starr Cole preaches faith to Senior Psy—Mac recites.
ΑΣΘ anniversary dinner.
Shurtleff has come and "went"—Hope you will improve before next year.
Football men break training—rather hard on the buzzard and pastry.

"Ikie Ikenstein."

I'm thankful for the janitor
  Who goes with brush and broom,
And stirs the little microbes up,
  In every single room.
I'm thankful for the teachers dear,
  Who trust us all so well.
If they keep on the way they are
  They're going straight to—heaven.
I'm thankful for our President;
  Who tells us every day,
How much co-operation
  Will smooth life's stony way.
I'm thankful for our H. M. class,
  Called D. S. seventeen.
The biggest thing we've learned, as yet,
  Is, that we're mighty green!

December 4.

All (?) back from Thanksgiving vacation; most of 'em with a drumstick in each pocket.

Prof. Mills reminds Miss Bumgarner that the hot air has been turned off.

December 5.

Dr. Shaw smiles in chapel.

Prexy recommends energy to the students. Neglects to extend recommendation to Faculty.

December 6.

President Taylor instructs the Seniors in the art of calling hogs. What future does he anticipate for '07? For sequel vid. April 18.

December 7.

J. Wassem and E. Schenck sit on stairs and do not rise when Miss Johnson passes.

December 12.

E. Starr Cole misses a class!!!!!
John McLean attends a class!!!!!

December 13.

Norman Sansom announces the deplorable fact that his Sociology is coming to pieces. Prof. Stevenson fears it may be from excessive use and seems much troubled.

December 14.

Prof. Da Po's bear and monkey show!! Letha Patterson, main guy. Prof. Da Po: Minnie Redmon, chief monkey; Daisy Payne, old grizzly. Greatest show on earth.

December 18.

Miss Conant criticizes the Decaturian and Tony gets out his ladder and crawls away up on his dignity. Hi, up there, Harry!

Senior farce and reception--the event of the first semester. Our stunts have only just begun—wait!

December 19.

Dr. Kellogg rehearses "Der Christbaum," etc., to a delighted chapel audience.

Dr. Kellogg's Recital

December 20.

Orlandian play—"And not an actor but that was a star."

December 21.

Vacation!!!

All off for home to try to explain expenses before Santa makes up his pack. All join heartily in singing Doxology.

The "Deutschers" celebrate, too, by giving a "Sängerfest"—many attend (Curiosity?) "Der Christbaum ist der schönste Baum" still brings pleasant memories.

Isabel Bumgarner says a common pin may mean nothing to most people, but it can have a deep significance.

January 1.

Vacation over—students return loaded with "goodies" from mother's pantry.

January 3.

Edna Strader arrives in D. S. at 10:20. Compelled to leave at 10:30 on account of a severe case of ear ache.

Prof. James (to College Physics class)—"You make more noise than my Preps. Now, we want nothing but silence, and but little of that.

January 5.

Junior English class has a spread, room 36.

January 8.

Senior play troupe enjoys oysters at Letha's.

January 9.

Freshman Lyons (waxing eloquent)—"The co-ed was passing fair —"

Freshman McDavid (interrupting)—"You mean she didn't pony."

January 11.

When the janitor refused, Miss Crooks asked him to get some of the electrical students to wash the inside of her electric light globes.

January 12.

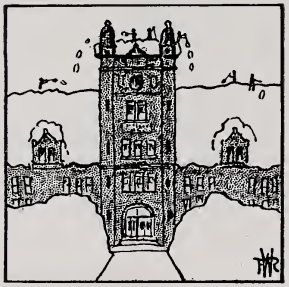
Mr. Dyer calls on the D. S. 14 girls, who are using carrots in cooking meat, and exclaims, "Why do you put oranges in the meat?"

January 14.

H. Guy Porter (11:45)—"Why, I'd do anything in the world for you!"
Lottie (yawning)—"You will! Then for heaven's sake sneak home. I'm sleepy."

January 15.

Mrs. K.—"What on earth makes that young man stay so long; doesn't he know how to say good-night?"
Sorority Sister—"Of course he does; that is why it takes him so long."



Snowed Under—Psy. Week

January 15.

Psychology week. Oh, horrors! Seniors snowed under!

Lecture on "The Holy Grail" by Prof. Varnum. (Now on exhibition in the "Aht" rooms).

Mac recites the whole of Emerson's Essay on "Love" before Miss Conant can get him stopped. Must be interested, Mac.

January 17.

Prof. Mills: "The constitution is not good for anything without you and me behind it."
Miss Redmon: "Well, Jim Crow, are you and me the government?"

January 18.

Prexy (in Psy.)—"Will you continue the subject and pass on to Divine Life."
Mary P.—"I am not prepared, sir."

January 21.

"Had Shakespeare himself been here, he would have been amazed to see how well his play came off."—Twelfth Night. "I do know her by her gait"—Viola.

January 22.

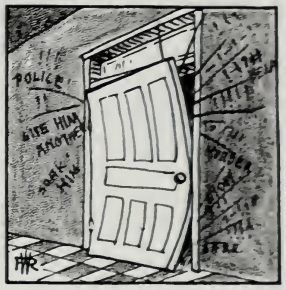
Miss Conant—"Who is the fool in 'As You Like It?'"
Tony—"Van Cleve."
And there was mounting in hot haste—Exams. begin.

January 23.

Jan. 22-27.—Sorrow too deep for words.

January 24.

Senior class meeting at ΑΣΘ house.



Senior Class Meeting

January 25.

Irene Staley, suffering from an acute attack of intelligence, complains that Doctor Galloway does not ask her to recite often enough. The Doctor promises to reform immediately.

January 26.

Exams. full blast. Dr. Shaw renovates his "diabolical grin," Dr. Kellogg buzzes, Dr. Galloway looks innocent, and President Taylor looks almost as sad as the students.

N. B.—C. A. M. remains calm and unmoved.

January 29.

Second semester opens. Seniors appear in their caps and gowns.

Dr. Spence lectures on "Burns' Lyrical Poetry."

January 31.

Flunk tickets at "cut" rates.

Prexy—"Mary loves John; John loves Mary; now, Mr. Post, what is the conclusion?"

Post—"No logical conclusion."

February 1.

Com-Fin. banquet at Prof. Stevenson's; all the finny tribe attends.

February 2.

Norman Hackett lectures on Shakespeare.

Philo reception at Miss Swearengen's.

February 4.

"Doc" Witzemann patronizes the Nickelodeon.

February 5.

All persons having conditions are requested to buy their removal tickets at once. **Do it Now!**—A. R. T.

Recital by the faculty of the School of Music.

February 6.

Mrs. Colegrove—"No, it doesn't mean 'you must' just now, it means 'you will must.'"

Dr. Kellogg only two minutes late to class.

February 7.

It is a condition that confronts us, not a theory.

February 8.

Verna Brooks buys a bedstead for $1.98.

February 12.

President and Mrs. Taylor entertain the Senior class.

February 13.

ΧΣΦ Informal.

February 14.

Millikin vs. Y. M. C. A. indoor track meet.

Prof. James—"Mr. Quinlan, what is a manometer?"

Mr. Quinlan—"Well, it's an instrument for—um—well, it's a vacuum with a weight on it."

February 15.

ΔΘΨ Informal.

February 16.

Y. W. C. A. Darn! Darn it, they did!

February 19.

Lecture on Panama Canal by C. L. Chester.

Miss Pyatt says Romeo and Juliet forgave each other after they were dead.

February 20.

Millidek box opened. Contents: Several postals for Uncle Sam.

Lyman Smith asks Morrow if his father knows what a snap Library and English classes are.

"Here They Come! Lock Up!!"

February 22.

"I'll walk with whom I please."

"Yes, but Mary, he was probably similarly minded, but more gracious."

J. M. U. students, remembering who apologized to Prof. Ehrman, try to behave better this year. The High School teachers put temptation out of their way by locking all the doors. But, really, George Washington isn't half so inspiring when we get our vacation free of charge. (Don't tell the faculty, though.) West End Lab!!

February 23.

Letha combines grass-green sweater with cap and gown.

Preliminary debate.

ΧΣΦ Masquerade.

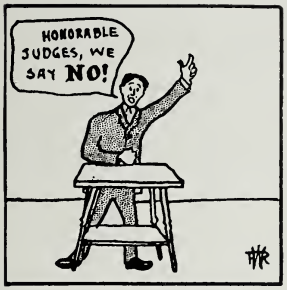
February 26.

Shumway—They blew it up with dominite.

February 28.

Cyril Cobb takes a vacation for his health—Really, it isn't good.

The vacant chair (2nd from north end in Eng. Industrial History.)



The Brown Debate

March 1.

Contest in Debate and Original Story. There is no luck in a literary reputation.

Sly wants to know if it is necessary to wait until 4:30 to stroll with a girl. Let him watch Kent and Dot.

March 2.

Geo. Ewing declares some girls are very Ketching.

March 5.

Letha has a hair pin in her hair.

March 6.

T. W. Galloway: "Take two (to) tape worms tomorrow."

March 8.

"Stevie" requests Casca to say something when he recites.
Athletic Association benefit.
Strollers organize.

March 12.

Everybody strolls. Doings—yes! At the Philo Gibson Picture Exhibition, Irma Bumgarner and Bonnie Blackburn make up Earl Winters and curl his hair. They use a whole box of Hobson's.

And many roared aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe"—Millidek Board.

March 13.

The President soundly denounces "coo"-educational institutions, and declares J. M. U. is not intended to be a school of such character. Several look grieved, and a few leave.

March 14.

John Lyons escorts two ladies to the Decatur Art Exhibit, but is not able to pay the admission fee.

Prof. Lanphere leaves chapel just after Pres. Taylor had asked all who could not refrain from talking to excuse themselves.

March 15.

List of senior candidates for degrees appears in Dyer's office. My name was there for awhile—Does this make any one's ears burn?

March 16.

Millikin vs. Y. M. C. A. indoor track meet. Millikin wins banner.

March 19.

Dr. Shaw, calling roll—"Mr. Hackenberg—does any one know whether Mr. Hackenberg is sick?"

"Sunday was St. Patrick's day, sir."

March 21.

Ward's history paper contains the following in Mills' handwriting: "How many of these sentences would be improved by containing a fact?"

March 22.

Ode to B. B. James—offered by his Physics class in lieu of a recitation, March 22, and sung to the tune of "Where, oh where has my little dog gone:"

Oh where can you B. B., James, B. B.
Oh where can you be, B. B.
O where can you be, B. B., B. B.,
O where can B. B. be?

March 23.

Baseball stock at a premium. Warm weather calls out baseball squad, and they take a spin at Fairview park.

Inter-Society Cont.st

March 25.

Inter-Society contest. Orlandians win.

Loretta B. (at the contest)—"Doesn't Cole's voice remind you of the chant of the angels in Paradise?"

March 26.

Philomatheans all cut classes.

Morrow and Davenport, the modern examples of David and Jonathan friendship, met today on as cordial terms as usual, despite the contest.

March 28.

The Junior English class makes chart of the Universe, a la Milton. Miss Conant sends Miss Poor to the board to make Hell. She makes it—.

Home for Easter—egg basket suffers.

March 30.

We wonder what happened when Morrow's bed closed up on time this morning

April 1.

Letha Patterson turns in the senior poem.

April 2.

Millidek Board has a dancing debate, i. e., a debate on the subject of dancing. All present participate freely.

Millidek Board meeting: ΑΣΘ vs. ΚΔΧ. ΔΘΨ vs. ΧΣΦ. Appreciative audience—Edgar Witzemann, Guy Porter, Isabel Bumgarner, Minnie Redmon, Kent Williamson.

April 3.

"Bull" Williamson returns from another involuntary vacation and condescends to meet Prexy in the hall.

April 3.

Senior English class—McDavid becomes verbose again—but—

April 5.

Wesleyan came down, a hundred strong, determined to make it two—Well, they did, and as their chairman very wittily said, "One side must win;" he really was right. They had lots of "enthusiasm," but it was largely centered in their yell leader; he worked his arms so fast that his coat sleeves couldn't keep up. My, but those fellows could talk! Really, even the judges couldn't make 'em quit. Their team work was fine though; one would talk while another dressed him, and then they had a caddy to hold charts and keep them jollied up.

Wesleyan Arrives

We didn't object to their dancing in our society halls, as they really needed to work some more of that enthusiasm off.

Come again, Becky, we're ready for another round.

Reception to Wesleyan debaters. Refreshments: "Nothing but jam."

April 6.

Miss Conant making assignment for next day in Paradise Lost said: "You may trace Satan's evolution—no, his degradation—Oh, how shall we say it—his 'devilution.'"

April 8.

Philos had a spread and Jack Banfill carried away a bite of lunch in his pocket. "Ask the man."

April 9.

Baseball wings sprouted too soon this year—they all got frosted pretty badly.

McDavid and Bankson receive a note from a lady customer, as follows: "Gentlemen: Don't worry about my bill. I'll owe you forever before I will cheat you out of it."

April 10.

A member of the Millidek staff overhears Southworth pleading with Porter to put a roast on him in the Millidek as he has never yet seen his name in print. Porter refuses, on the ground of insufficient reasons.

April 11.

Y. W. C. A. lunch. Everybody attends in a body. Big doin's.

April 12.

Band Benefit—All the audience sits on the platform.

April 13.

Seeing the catcher line-up reminded our joker of the words of the prophet. "They grin like dogs, and run about the city."

Arthur Martin, one of the Ram Family, interrupts Prof. James while lecturing on the solar spectrum, by an irrelevant question and is greeted with the answer, "How did Julius Caesar fix the Calendar? Please think about what we are talking about."

April 14.

Long John strolls with Little Jess.

April 16.

Prof. James to Johnson, who has come in late: "We are glad to have you with us, Johnson. It seems like old times." (Five minutes later): "You may go on with the discussion, Johnson."

Johnson—"I'm not prepared."

Prof. James—"Well, this certainly does seem like old times."

Senior Eng. class eats á lá Japanese at 1132 W. Decatur street. Ask Mac and Whitehouse.

"Fair to no purpose,
Artful to no ends."—Letha Patterson

April 17.

Prof. James: "Notice that play of colors around the edge, what sort of abberation causes that?" Irma Bumgarner whispers to Witzemann, "It must be mental."

Carleton happens to know that Miss Mac C— says she just takes a carriage when a fellow doesn't call for her on time; so when he nears 537 at about a quarter of nine he hails the cab just leaving the above number, flings open the door and inquires if "this is Miss McC—?" Being assured that it is not, he makes his way rather "flurriedly" up the steps of 537.

April 18.

Passing Dr. Shaw's room today at 2:45 we saw the sign: "Exhibit Inside." We looked in, and were surprised to see only Keach Bone.

Sanitary way to keep hogs, explained by the President—Oklahoma is a good place to raise 'em. On that flat country razor-backs can hear a call a good ways.

April 19.

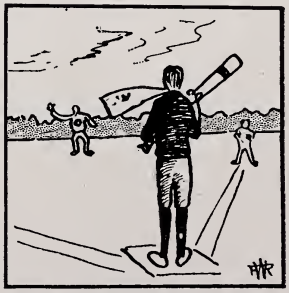
"An editor has an iligant time; she minds everybody's business but her own."

April 20.

Wesleyan swooped down and carried away another laurel, though 3-2 doesn't show much.

April 21.

Davy makes five telephone calls trying to get a girl to go walking.



The Size We Thought We Were

April 22.

Millikin vs. Rose Poly at Terre Haute—We're "skinned" again.

April 23.

Sansom forgets his gum, makes three classes on time, captures a whole 7 in recitation, and sits still in chapel for thirteen and one-half seconds. KΔX becomes quite warrantably alarmed.

April 24.

Ho, me for a job!—tried to get one by means

You Get More Leather For Your Dollars by Buying Your Shoes at This Store

MEN'S $3 to $6
WOMEN'S $3 to $5

SHADE'S
211 North Water Street

SPENCE BROS. & PEASE

Wall Paper and Paints

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When in Need of Anything in Our Line Give Us a Call

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KAUFMAN'S
245-249 NORTH WATER STREET

Young Men's Stylish Cut Suits

The Extreme Styles for the College Boys

Hats
Furnishings, Etc.

of the approved circular combination; but none has materialized—(Signed) A Senior of the Seniors Teacher's Association.

April 26.

Kent believes we can love ourselves; says "there is only one of him."

April 27.

Millikin plays St. Louis University on Millikin Field.

April 30.

Seniors look wild from lack of sleep and nourishment. Last (?) grand struggle with the theses.

May 1.

Limit for senior theses to be in—verily there was weeping and wailing, and—there would have been gnashing of teeth if the faculty hadn't hibernated.

May 9.

Dual track meet between Monmouth and Millikin under auspices of Decatur Cadets, at League Park. Monmouth wins cup—62-51.

May 16.

Millikin vs. Nebraska at Millikin.

May 18.

Millikin vs. DePauw at Decatur.

May 23.

Monmouth vs. Millikin on Millikin field.

May 24.

This date copyrighted until 1909. (1908 Millidek Board please take notice!)

May 28.

May Pole Dance and Festival.

May 31.

Millidek Out!!!

Get Your Millidek
"DO IT NOW!"

June 4.

"Do you think I, Dwight A. Montgomery, will buy a Millidek, Not I, after being roasted so—No siree!"

Osteopathy

Is no cure-all, but it does cure many acute and chronic ailments where other systems have failed. My fifth year's practice in Decatur. Examination free.

DR. E. MARTIN

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POWERS BUILDING
Both Phones

Frank H. Cole Shoe Company

THE MIDDLE SHOE STORE

Latest and Swellest Creations in Footwear

Do You Know Why

CUSTOMERS WALK OUT OF THEIR WAY TO PATRONIZE OUR SODA FOUNTAIN?

A trial of our Soda and Specials, in which we use the "True Fruit" Syrups and Crushed Fruits, will give you a most satisfactory answer. Fountain open summer and winter.

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HIGH GRADE COLLEGE GOODS

Pennants
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Specialties

Class and College
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Furnishers of CAPS AND GOWNS to the "Millikin" Seniors

COLLEGE SUPPLY STORE, Representative

SENIOR CHARACTER TABLE

Name	Resembles	Chief Virtues	Besetting Sin	Personal Effects	Favorite Study	Spare Time Spent In
1. Bankson	Slippery Elm	Pleasing everybody...	Shyness	Walk	Cranial Hydraulics	Ocular Beam Testing
2. Bennett	Eel	Urbanity	Vanity	Giggling	Pyschology	Writing to Champaign
3. Bone	Pumpkin	Loveableness	Candor	Red hair	Aunty functions	Flirting with Pat
4. E. Bumgarner	Hottentot	Breadth	Being Engaged	Temper	Household Science	Writing to Chicago
5. I. Bumgarner	The Lady from Philadelphia	Culinary Ability	Laziness	Meekness	Sociology	Foot-ball games
6. Dappert	Shylock	Kinetic Energy	Longitude	Mentally Polarized..	Teutonic Lingo	Camera Fiend
7. Davidson	Totem Pole	Domesticity	Brevity	Rotundity	Chapel	Making Eyes
8. Diller	Portia	Domesticity	Worrying	See next edition....	Pueri	Hatching Calories
9. Ferguson	Auto Sparker	Adolescence	Grinding	Nerve	Argumentation	Looking around
10. Finfrock	Orange Blossom	Innocence	Don't know	Age	Ostrich Culture	Scalding frogs
11. Handlin	Aphrodite	Unknown	Saccharinity	Auburn hair	Painting?	Salting Canaries
12. Humphrey	An (tony)	Corduroys	Being an Editor....	Longevity	Never studies	Prehistoric Readings
13. Laughlin	Peach Bloom	Belongs to Class '07.	Having Blues	Indifference	Chemistry	Drowning Cats
14. Lichtenberger	Cleopatra	Reticence	Solemnity	Large hands	Prehistoric Art	Hasn't any
15. Magill	"Madonner"	Affection	Ask Ansel	It's a secret	Sears Roebuck Catalog.	"Billing"
16. Miller	Possum	Verbosity	Preaching	Promised not to tell	Calculus	Smiling
17. Mills	American Beauty	Inertia	Man hater	Store Eyes	Bone Culture	Frowning
18. Moore	Traction Engine	Impenetrability	Corduroys	Ruminancy	Nothing	Existence
19. Morrow	Aspen tree	Procrastination	Petting Kitty	Pretty feet	Negative Acceleration	Driving bees to water
20. McDavid	A Cockle Burr	Permeability	Lack of hair	Bow-legged	Feminine Asthetics	Holding Lambs
21. Oliphant	A Sunflower	Telescope shows.....	Beauty	Pompadour hair	Catalogs	Clothes Speculator
22. Olsen	Mink	Being a hustler	Goodness??	Shortness	German	Raising Geese
23. Padon	Peacock	Impressed E. M. F..	Several	Explosiveness	Dynamics of Love	Cat-decimation
24. Patterson	Queen of Sheba	Sanctimoniousness	Piety	Complexion	Mathematics	Flirting
25. Payne	Lilac Bush	Solemnity	Acidity	Brown eyes	Amatory Thermodynamics	Writing Love Songs
26. Poor	Sphinx	Avariciousness	Antibelligerency	From Indiana	Domestic Science	Whining
27. Porter	Kansas Cyclone	Hasn't any	Early rising??	Flap ears	Applied Sparking	Eating pie
28. Post	Ostrich	Modesty	Pretty figure.....	Obesity	Wallpaper Designs	Blacking Shoes
29. Redmon	Monkey	Drollness	Frankness	Rotundity	Fudge Analysis	Hasn't any
30. Sanders	Foghorn	5 reward, for one...	Too many to tell...	Joker	Has none	Currying Roosters
31. Whitehouse	Hogan s Goat	? !!! ???	Loquaciousness	Crooked nose	S. S. Lesson	Selecting neck-ties
32. Williamson	Gander	Pull with prexy	Strolling	Game knee	Nothing	In bed
33. Witzemann	Flower-seed Catalog	Prevarication	Society belle	Sapolio smile	Applied Girlology	Knocking

You can always tell a Senior, but you cannot tell him much,
And the little that you can, he won't believe:

For he thinks he is the only It, the Nonpareil Nonesuch,
And is sure the school would perish if he'd leve!

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MEMORIES

AFTER QUIZ

I remember, I remember
How phosphorus is made,
How H_2O is manufactured
For the soda trade.

The properties and uses
Of potassium I can tell,
I know what happens when you mix
Some H and some Cl.

I can figure out the valence
Of talcum and of tin.
Oh! I know a lot just when I've got
My paper handed in! —C. M. B.

AFTER FINALS

I remember, I remember
The time when I got ten,
And I knew e'en while I gloated
It would not occur again.

I remember, I remember
That peep in Kellogg's book,
And my hopes of passing vanished
Like a ghost, before that look.

I remember, I remember
When the finals all were done,
And I sadly scanned my record—
I had flunked in—every one! —I. M. B.

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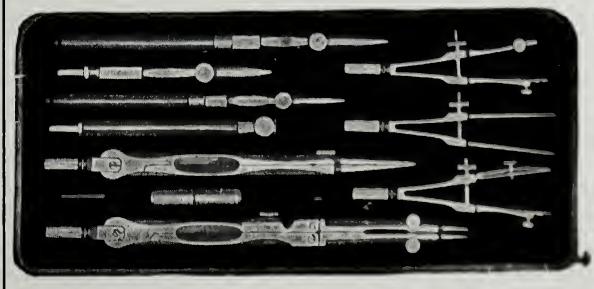

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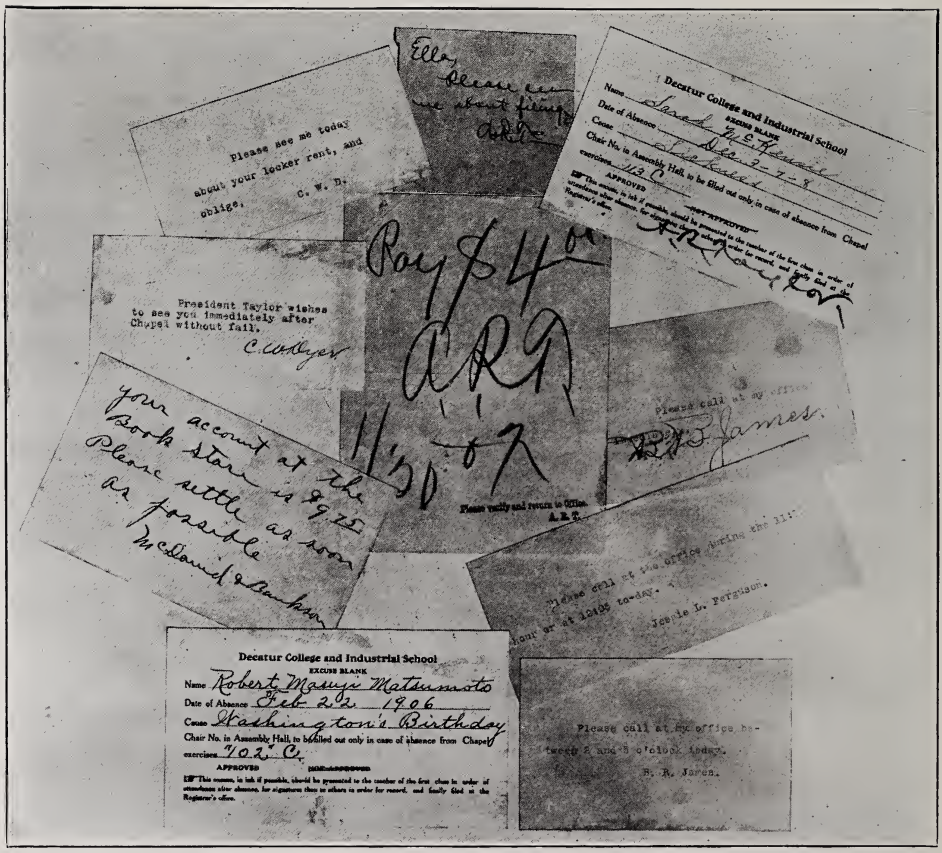
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Ella, Please see me about firing
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Name Sarah M. E. Edwards
Date of Absence Feb 22 - 1906
Cause Absent
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Please call at the office during the day
Jessie L. Ferguson.
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E. R. Jones.
Please call at the office during the day or at 1405 to-day.
Jessie L. Ferguson.
Decatur College and Industrial School
EXCUSE BLANK
Name Robert Masuo Matsumoto
Date of Absence Feb 22, 1906
Cause Washington's Birthday
Chair No. in Assembly Hall, to be filled out only in case of absence from Chapel exercises 102 C.
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PREFATORY NOTES

THE Senior class, being desirous of leaving some valuable suggestion with the faculty for the guidance and direction of future affairs, have decided upon a new departure in the line of matrimonial education, as being quite in accordance with the needs of the institution. Mr. Roosevelt's well-founded fears of race suicide, and the recent bill proposed in our state legislature providing that bachelors shall be taxed $5 per capita per year, have been our chief incentives. Since we are all to be dubbed "Bachelors" on Commencement day we are all personally interested. That the course is not as yet a part of the regular curriculum is to be deplored, though we hope that serious efforts are being made to make it so.

GRADUATE SCHOOL OF M. A. TRIMONY OF THE J. M. U.

Dean—Miss Letha Patterson, A.D.E.A.R.

The entrance requirements are a previous acquirement of the degree A. Bachelor or its equivalent. Others may be admitted by special permit.

The school has been organized to fill a long felt want, and is designed for the benefit of those who have not developed their full matrimonial opportunities, or who have only developed certain aspects, and who have consequently not yet come into the full heritage of these opportunities.

The degree awarded upon attainment of proficiency will be M.A. Those failing to pass will obtain the degree D. F. (Darn fizzle.)

I. Physchology of "Luv."

Many of our Engineering Graduates, particularly, finish their work in the institution without having devoted much time to either theoretical or practical study of "Luv." This is deplorable. This course is an attempt to meet this condition. Laboratory equipment in the shape of H. M. T. (see glossary) settees, 24 in. long, slow moonlight, padded front gate-posts, hammocks, lawn-swings, entry and hallway appurtenances, and much other paraphernalia, is supplied. All forms of "luv," from "Rapid Fire Spark Ignition Love" and all the latest speedy sensational types, to the "Evergreen Winter and Summer Love" types, are taught. This is our Matrimonial Course "par excellence."

Professor George Owens, Director.
Chief Demonstrators, Ray Oliphant, X. Y. Z. girls.
Special Consulting Experts { Prof. Ray Kirk / "Bill" Nein, D. F. / Dr. Zink Sanders

II. Osculology and Osculography.

Some hesitation was felt in providing this course, but the prevalent glaring deficiency in regard to things osculatory seems to make it necessary. The principles and

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laws of osculation, both in theory and in practice, will be taken up in some detail. A detailed study of time and place features of osculation will be made, it being a recognized fact that enlightenment is most necessary at this point. The osculatory positions at present in vogue will be carefully demonstrated. "Osculation a la mode or not at all," is our dictum. "The Rise and Fall of Osculology in the World's History" will be sketched in a series of lectures. The development of the science, from the first kiss-bearing apple of Eden to the latest caress-wafting fan flirtations of the much talked of popular actresses, is exceedingly interesting to the uninitiated.

The contagious disease osculitis will be carefully taken up, symptoms, diagnosis, and prognosis. The theory of its communication through bacterial infection will be exploded. This disease manifests itself in desire for repeated osculation after the first offense, to the great annoyance (???) of the victim. Opportunity for laboratory practice will be furnished, but inanimate dummies will not be used.

Director, Prof. John Davidson, A. O. (Artistic Osculator.)
Diffident Demonstratress, Miss Daisy Payne.
Assistants { Kent Williamson, D. F.
"Bill" Sears, M. A.
Chas. Post, (Old Maid Favorite)
Pre-requisite, Facial Gymnastics.

III. Ocular Calisthenics.

This course is designed primarily for those deficient in the art of making goo-goo eyes. This art is, we think, neglected by many otherwise cultured graduates, and that to their everlasting detriment. The system mentioned is at present the most popular. Other systems will be taught. The elements of flirtation by the manipulation of the eyes only will be carefully developed. Especially apt students will be carried on to the realm of long range flirtation. This work requires extra nice art. The theoretical aspects will be largely neglected, the stress being placed on this practical "bread and butter" aspect. Consequently the work will be carried on mostly as a laboratory course in order to fit students for practical work as soon as possible.

This course is primarily for ladies, but if there is sufficient call a separate class for men will be formed. This gives the ladies what is known as a society finish.

Miss Helen Mills, Laboratory Director.
Miss La Rue Neisler, Laboratory Assistant.
Miss Katherine Trautman, Special Lecturer and Demonstrator.
Pre-requisite, "Elements of Goo-Goo-ology."

IV. Hypothetic Functions.

Owing to the fact that mayonnaise dressing has such a multiplicity of applications to all the various forms of the tri-daily meals, this course has been arranged. It has been found that a mathematician only can safely lead the student through the mazes of the multifarious labyrinthical ramifications of the work. This course will give students what is known as a dinner finish.

Mr. Keach Bone.

V. Hospital Clinics in Love.

(Each evening, Sunday included. Hours, 7:30 to 11:30+ P. M.

These clinics have been arranged only after considerable trouble and through special arrangements with the experts. This course is purely of a demonstrational nature,

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and is designed to meet the demands of parents, guardians, clergymen, and schoolteachers; but all persons desiring the course will be admitted. It will be useful for those persons who are uncertain as to whether they have developed the genuine product. Aggravated cases of intermittent fever, fudge appetite, amatory somnambulism, acute osculitis, goo-goo-itis, melancholia, "father's abused boy," self-pity, "mother's honey boy," "sorority and frat fiends," "Prexy's self-appointed pet," and many other cases of a similar nature will be treated. The nature of the course will vary according to the material in hand.

Demonstrating Doctors:
Judith B. Mills
Lula Laughlin
Ida Diller
Ethel Bumgarner
} Sometimes victims of fevered sufferers.

VI. Statics of Love.
Instructor, Dr. Lawrence Sears.

VII. Amatory Thermodynamics.
Instructor, Professor Junius Dappert.

VIII. Applied Campustry.
Instructor, Professor Dorothy Pyatt.

IX. Feminine Aesthetics and Ethics.
Instructor, Mr. Casca Whitehouse.

X. Man.
Instructor, Miss Mary Poor.

Additional courses will be arranged to meet the special idiosyncracies of the mentally aberrating applicant.

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Famous Fatal Feminine Felinities.

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Girlology for Engineers.

Ellis Bankson, A. B.(oy)
Cranial Hydraulics.
"La Grande Motif."

Edgar Morrow, M. A.
"Doe-less Stags."
Genesis and Exodus of Love.

Orris Bennett.
"Jessie's Jentle Jilts" or
Non-co-operativeness.

Zink Sanders, Ph. D., A. M., Ph. O. O. L.
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They bill and they coo like two little doves.

B is for Baxter, our Janitor fat;
When gym-shoes are lost, he knows where they're at.

C is for Campustry, the course we all take,
Prexy is pleased with the grades that we make.

D is for Dining Hall, where but few eat,
For curious odors it has the Lab. beat.

E is for Ellis, who leads when we holler;
It makes him so hoarse that he can't hardly swaller.

F is for flunker, at this time of year,
He begins to think that his finish is near.

G is for Galloway, learned and wise,
When he talks evolution we open our eyes.

H is for Hoggatt; his speed is so great
At the door for his shadow, he always must wait.

I is for Isaacs, a nice little man,
He carries off prizes as fast as he can.

J is for John, which one we don't care,
(The alphabet's fixed so we must have it there).

K is for Kaeuper, who is no longer here,
For fond fleeting memories we now drop a tear.

L is for Lottie, the Lamb mild and meek,
She keeps Porter busy each night in the week.

M of the alphabet is the one letter
Our athletic men hope to wear on a sweater.

N is for Nugent, a youth of great beauty,
To cut all his classes he thinks is his duty.

O is for Orris, that man of affairs,
His troubles are many and so are his cares.

P is for Padon, that excellent youth.
A shark in machinery. (That's honest truth.)

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Good to develop incipient wings.

R is for Rosses, of them we have four,
But we didn't count all, so perhaps there are more.

S is for Stevenson, otherwise Lou,
She keeps us all wondering what next she will do.

T is for Turner, of poetic mind,
The poems he writes are the best of their kind.

U is for Umpire, who bosses the game;
Sometimes we're desirous to murder the same.

V is for Van Cleve, in the Quartet he sings;
In debating he also does marvelous things.

W is for Witzemann, witty and bright;
In Chemistry always the bright calcium light.

X equals the value, computed by Shaw,
Of the Freshmen who enters, so green and so raw.

Y is for Youngsters, we call 'em the Preps.;
How kindly we cherish their faltering steps!

Z is for Zink, a Senior so smart.
Marie and the chickens divide up his heart.

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The whopper who once hath whopped
Will probably whop again;
And the whopper who whoppeth whops
Committeth a whopping sin.

Chemistry Prof: "Could you make oil and water mix, and if so what would you call the mixture?"

Bull Williamson: "Yes, they mix. They call it emulsion. I take Scott's Emulsion every day to get over brain fag from studying chemistry."

Class Schedule—A thing devised by the enemy.

Meserve (to Bill Bell, who has just had an explosion)—"What have you here?"
"HEL^2, Sir."

Going to church,
Going to Chapel,
Going anywhere
We deeply sympathize with Mrs. Dr. S—w in her futile attempts to keep pace with her noble lord.

Fred Benton—Quite important is he
Each person can see,
He walks a la mode—"I am it."

Shumway: "Only a **little** lower than the angels."
Dwight Montgomery: Sits attentive to his own applause.
Ewing: I must have been asleep; aye, sound asleep.
Cole: No I haven't turned Philo, but I think I have turned Philo's head.
Davidson: So extensive that none but himself can be his parallel.

Miss Bellamy (in French D.)—'riant d' un rire bête"—"laughing with the smile of a beast."

Freshman—What was Dwight's spiel to you about?
Soph.—"It was about the limit."

Mac: Had sighed to many, though loved but one.

Dan Moeller: A head light both inside and out.

Miss Johnson: "It can't be done, thinks she,
Without advice from her."

Ida Diller—"Il est sans gène"—"He is without ancestors."

The 2 Willbanks'es—"The air hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them."

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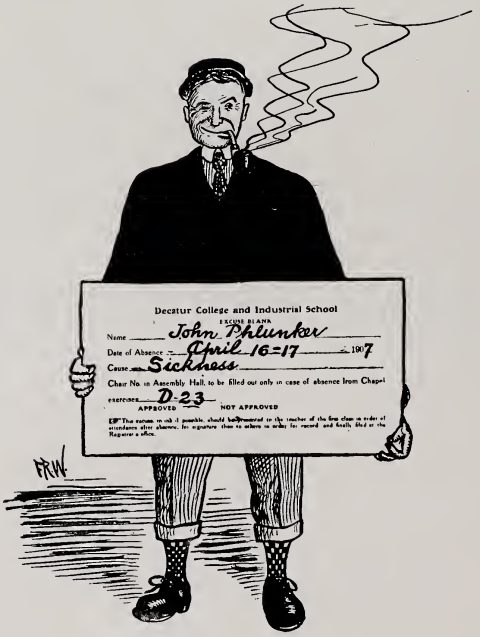
"Hell is empty, they are all here in Prepdom."—Prof. James.
"Amen," say the Preps.

Prof. Morton: "That of his smiling was full simple and coy."
Dr. Galloway: "With sentences long
And arguments strong
And the most unpronounceable names."

Isabel Bumgarner: "She died from wear, but not from rust."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Name John Phlunker
Date of Absence April 16-17 1917
Cause Sickness
Chair No. in Assembly Hall, to be filled out only in case of absence from Chapel exercises D-23
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NOT APPROVED

See! Yonder goes Van Cleve a-telling lies
To that good, easy man with whom he's walking.
"How know I that?" you ask with some surprise;
Why don't you see, old man, the fellow's talking?

Ansel Magill: "I hope 'twill not be deemed a sin
If I but answer with a grin."

Daisy Payne: They never taste who always drink, they always talk who never think.

Prof. Mills in American Hist.: A sure cure for insomnia.

Shorty: He hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in books.

Padon: With a rattle of his teeth, and a thud on his pate,
He delves into Mechanics at an uncommon rate.

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Try dampening the hair with sugar water before curling—Earl Winters.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord."
—Deborah Akers (Psychology Class).

Stranger (to woman answering bell)—"Does Mr. Davenport live here?"
"He is here once in awhile; this is the Kappa Delt house."

Russell McDavid: A rhapsody of words.

In Qual. Chem: L. Laughlin—"Did you find any tin?"
M. Redmon—"No, I'm broke."

Freshman—"Is that man riding the bicycle with whiskers, Dr. Kellogg?"

E. Starr Cole: "His body lean and meagre as a rake."

Tiny to Tony—"When parlour has "u" in it, it makes all the difference in the world to me!"

Miss Johnson—"I was young myself once, I remember it well."

Georgia Allison—"I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly."

Ida Diller—"I am all the daughters of my father's house, and all the brothers, too."

Keach Bone—"On their MERITS, modest men are dumb."

Freddie Webber: "You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."

First Prep.—"You say we have to know the Metric System in Physics? I've completely forgotten all I ever knew!"
Second Prep.—"Oh, no you haven't, don't you remember, we had it in Latin last year!"

Daisy Payne: "There was not a day, but she rattled away
Like water forever a-dropping."

Witzemann:—"I wonder what we shall wear in heaven?"
Sanders—"Well, if you get there perhaps most of us will wear surprised looks!"

"What course is Ewing taking?"
"Don't know, but guess he'll graduate in the course of time."

Ray Turner: "Comb down his hair! Look! Look! It stands upright!"

Morphy logically speaking, hash is a "mosaic."

Dr. Meserve: "If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tend it."

"I believe in speaking to the members of my class at all times and on all occasions —when they are dressed up."—Lucy P.

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Orris: "There is nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."
Pinky Winters: Looked into the glass and fell in love with his own face.
Morton: "And when his lady's in the case, you know all other things give place."

Davenport—"Dr. Shaw, how can this problem be worked without following the routine in the book?"
Dr. Shaw—"Use your head."
Davenport—"How do you do that?"

Prexy (in psychology class)—"If I were surrounded by wolves and should shoot one, would that be an incident or an event?"
Morrow—"Well, sir, I think it would be an accident."

John Dewey's Psychology: My hymn-book, my prayer-book, my all.—The Seniors.

Dr. Rogers: "Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet
Which once inflamed my soul,
And still inspires my wit."

Special exams for conditions. Williamson takes about seven.

Miss Allin (laying down some dusty volumes)—"These books have dry rot on the outside, but it is nothing like the inside."

A PARODY.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Witzemann-the-Kind;
"I et a stick of phosphorus!" the Freshman chemist whined.
"What makes you groan so loud, so loud?" said Witzemann-the-Kind;
"I drank sulphuric acid, and it wasn't well refined;
And the rapid effervescence proves to me that something's wrong,
For the action is so active and affinities so strong
My component parts will part, I fear, before so very long,
And there'll be decomposition in the morning!"

H. K. Davenport: "As an oyster may be crossed in his shell so may a lobster be crossed in love."

Alpha Sig. House—Many are called, but few get up.

Louis Baker: "Comes to school for his health."

Lost, Strayed or Stolen from the J. M. U. Powerhouse, between the hours of sunrise and sunset, one horse power. When last seen the above mentioned horse power was protruding out of "Slide-rule Smiley's" vest pocket. Any information will be rewarded by Pa Oliphant.

Davida McCaslin: "Her head was so loaded
It nearly exploded."

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Customer—"Have you any problem novels?"
McDavid—"No, but here is an Integral Calculus which has some novel problems."

"There's small choice in rotten apples."—Class '08.

Banfill—If dirt were trumps, what hands he would hold!

There once was a bad boy named Earl,
Whose hair was all kinky with curl;
His nose it was long,
And his voice it was strong,
And he shorely did act like a girl.

A problem for the Calculus Class: Dr. Kellogg says his time is worth $5 per hour. Problem, how much hard cash does he waste in 365 days?

Ida—"Do you advocate changes in spelling?"
Daisy—"Only Miss to Mrs."

Irma Bumgarner—"Say, Dr. Galloway, are there any more insects for me to classify?"
Dr. Galloway (scratching his head meditatively)—"You can search me."

A. Ross: "Blessings on him who first invented sleep."
Helen Mills: "Her eyes are songs without words."

Arthur Martin: "There is many a man with more hair than brains."

H. K. Davenport: "The ladies call him sweet,
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet."

Alice Dempsey: "I was never so bethumped with words since first I called my brother's father dad."

Dr. Meserve—"Miss Burgess, what is an element?"
"An element is a something that combines with anything to make everything."

Freshman—"I dreamed last night that I had 16 pennies!"
Soph.—"Gosh, why didn't you dream something reasonable?"

H. H. Kaeuper—Who with his tongue hath armies routed.

The pure food law requires all articles to be labelled so as to show exactly what they are. Wonder if this is why Prexy often wears a piece of paper on his coat lapel?

Miss Johnson—"Here we have a sieve with some holes in it."

Mary had a little waist,
Where waists were meant to grow,
And everywhere the fashions went,
Her waist was sure to go!

A poor thing, but my own. The Study of the child.

Oliphant: "It was the most unladylike thing he could do."

A PAGE FROM MY CREED

There's good in all men. The lowest wretch, I say,
That walks God's footstool, has a touch divine
That lurks within, the starting of a soul;
Mayhap it flickers like a low turned lamp,
But as God's better than all thought conceives,
That gleam can never die. At last, somehow,
Some way, some hand, perhaps the Master's own,
Will nurse that spark into a steady flame.

SORROW

Sorrow, my friend,
When shall you come again?
The wind is slow, and the bent willows send
Their silvery monitions down the plain:
The little bird is dead
That sang this morning, through the summer rain.

Sorrow, my friend,
I owe my soul to you;
And if my life with any glory end
Of tenderness for others, and the words are true
Said, honoring, when I'm dead,
Sorrow, to you the mellow praise, the funeral wreath be due.

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Sansom must be thinking of going into the coal business because there is lots of slack in the back of his coat.

We have one young fellow named Post,
Whom we fear, very often, to roast.
He works all the day,
And to him we will say,
That much study is a weariness of the flesh.

"Crowded out to make room for more interesting matter," as our editors said when they pushed the copy aside to make room for the apple dish.

Dappert: "One of nature's strange blunders."

A dentist whose surname was Moss,
Fell in love with the charming Miss Ross;
But he held in abhorrence
Her Christian name, Florence,
So he called her his dear dental Floss.

A SUMMER STORY.

June.

Mr. Smith — Miss Brown

July.

Tom — Edith

August.

Sweetheart — Love

December.

Mr. Smith — Miss Brown

Minnie's Motto: "I had rather be a healthy ignoramus, than to study so hard as to make me sick." Stick to it, Minnie.—Editors.

E. Winters: "Beauty will buy no beef."

Zella Hostetler: "The last suitor wins the maid."

Bull Williamson: "Whilest that the childe is young let him be instructed in vertue and lytterature."

Mary Hostetler.—A little bunch of nothing.

Prof. H. H. K. (at a faculty recital)—"Owing to an error upon the printed program, the address upon musical technic should not be 'Errors in Piano Forte Technique;' it should read as follows: 'A treatise upon the psychological and pedagogic considerations of correct acquisition of proper piano forte technique.'"

There is a brave Senior named Ellis
Who always has something to sell us;
He owns the book store
And has volumes galore,
And our bills he is willing to tell us.

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We've ground out verses by the peck,
And still can't fill the Millidek.

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